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THE EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF ARABELLA JONES, FROM HER CRADLE TO HER GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Her name was Arabella Jones, and many years ago
She resided with her parents in the little town of O——.

Her father made a fortune selling butter, lard and cheese,
And lived upon his interest in luxury and ease.

She was the only daughter that these loving parents had—
The idol of her mother and the pride of her old dad.

When she was in her childhood and diminutive in size
She used to pass her happiest hours in killing little flies.

And when she grew up older—unaccountable her taste—
She used to wear a dagger, in a girdle, at her waist.

Her library consisted of Jack Sheppard and the life
Of Richard Turpin, and she longed to be a Robber's wife!

To keep herself in practice and her little hands in use,
She'd often prig the spoons and things that used to lay round loose.

And once she nearly killed her entire relations at a swoop
By experiments with poison in a dish of turtle soup.

In fact, in all the universe there was, I make no bones
In saying, such another one as Arabella Jones.

Well, at the time I write of, eighteen summers had gone by,
And to be a Robber's wife she used to weep and sigh.

One night, as she was going into her lonely bed,
To see what kind of night it was, stuck out her curly head.

Across the street a stranger stood in slouched hat and blouse,
Particularly gazing at the front part of the house.

But when he saw her looking out, and heard her poetic cough,
He gave a curious whistle and then hurriedly walked off.

Next night she saw him standing out there in the pouring rain,
In the self same manner watching of her father's home again.

And then she raised the window up, and to him sought to speak,
But he dodged around the corner and he stayed away a week.

And Arabella thought that he had surely gone for good,
When lo! once more she saw him as again he, watching, stood.

She slipped down stairs and quietly she opened the front door,
When upon the steps before her this mysterious man she saw.

In one hand was a lantern, and the other had some wax;
He *may* have sealed a letter up—I do not know the facts.

"I humbly beg your pardon," he remarked—"but say, my dear,
Can you tell me if Adolphus Smithereens resideth here?"

And, while her heart beat quickly and her knees together smote,
He pushed the front door open and then seized her by the throat.

"You've saved me lots of trouble, my *dimber mort*, so bright,
For I intend, with my pals, to crack this crib to-night—

And if you speak a single word, or shed a single tear,
I'll tap you on the skillet with a thing I carry here!"

"There is occasion," whispered she, "for nothing of the kind—
You're the very individual I've been trying for to find.

I swear to you that it has been the object of my life—
My only hope—my brightest dream—to be a Robber's wife.

So take your hands from off my throat, I pray my bonds undo,
And I with swag will fill your bag and share the world with you.

"Tell me your name," said she; he answered "Jean Despards, the Brave,
A Robber by profession, and my residence a cave!

But as to marrying you, my dear, I really can't see how;
The fact is I already have a wife and children now."

"Poison the children, and with knife despatch HER with a blow!"
The Robber stroked his fierce moustache and sweetly said "Jess so."

And then a diabolical, infernal thing they planned,
And he swore to come in six or seven days and claim her hand.

Then up the stairs this wild, deluded maiden softly crept,
And cut her parents' wizens while in bed they snugly slept.

And her only brother Tommy Jones—a pretty little chap—
She probed him with a skewer while she had him in her lap.

And by this simple process—one can hardly call it fair—
She possessed a princely fortune 'cos she was the only heir.

Exactly at the appointed hour the Robber bold appeared,
This time accoutred in his best, with closely shaven beard.

"Is't done?" she hoarsely whispered; "yes, we buried them at three,
And I've come as per agreement, now, to fly from her with thee."

And then with manly feeling and considerable pride
He described in saddened accents how serenely they had died.

With a trunk brim full of jewels and of bonds upon his head,
Out in the darkness of the night hand in hand the lovers sped.

At last, through divers turns and twists, not tired in the least,
They reached the cave and found prepared a royal Marriage Feast.

And round in various attitudes Robbers male and female sat,
And some were lean and hungry ones, and some were sleek and fat.

The table with the delicacies of the season groaned—
Among the rest appearing several turkeys they had boned.

The lieutenant of the party, with a prayer-book in his hand,
Rose up and said he was a priest before he joined the band—

And then he bade stand up before him Mr. Jean Despards,
Likewise Miss Arabella Jones—and married them. No cards.

Of course there's no occasion here for me to prose and tell
A lot of stuff, or quote that "saw" about the marriage bell—

Or how the pleasure that to her for years had been denied
Was now vouchsafed, and she had come to be a Robber's bride,

For has not the poet written "Time is fleeting—Art is long?"
I'll proceed as fast as possible and reach the *denoument*.

One day—the honeymoon had past—and in a sulky fit
Her husband, having funds enough—his trade proposed to quit.

Of course she wouldn't agree to be a Robber's wife in name
Without her having with it quite a little share of game.

"I never will consent to such a foolish thing," said she;
"I'm bound to be a Robber's wife—a Robber you must be!"

So she started him out on the road benighted folks to pin,
And with hot pokers tortured them when he had brought them in.

She took the greatest comfort when the loudest were their groans;
O, she was a curious creature—Madame Despards, lately Jones.

Their pocket books and wallets she would then proceed to weed—
Those were very happy hours for her—very happy hours indeed!

But one dark night, when they had thought that all was quite serene,
The soldiers came and fought, and fought, and carried off her Jean.

They loaded him with chains and things, and with triumphant shout
They bid him say his prayers, and than these parties led him out.

For a reward was offered of a thousand francs—cash down—
For the head of this bold Robber, long the terror of the town.

Then Arabella bounded forth with agonizing cry,
And begged in piteous tones for them to let her with him die.

Then the captain took the hand-bill and most carefully looked through it,
But finding no reward for her head, thought he wouldn't do it—

So leveling their muskets there, before her very eyes,
They shot him through the heart with balls of regulation size.

And in a half an hour, when they knew that he was dead,
They took a glittering sabre and removed, with care, his head.

It wouldn't interest you much—in fact you wouldn't care
To know the different kinds of shrieks with which she filled the air.

She called the Band together, and then bade them save their lives
And live in peace with all the world, especially their wives.

Then cutting off the coupons from her bonds, she pretty quick
Proceeded to distribute them, and then she cut her stick.

And to a neighboring Nunnery she in desperation hied,
And there with broken heart she lived two weeks and then she died.

Reader! this was the end of one of whom it may be said
Most extraordinary notions existed in her head.

Ye little maidens who o'er this have oped your wondering eyes,
Would you a fate like her's escape—don't torment harmless flies.

For you see how such things lead you to up the back stairs creep,
And cut your parents' wizens while they take refreshing sleep.

And in this melancholy tale you'll see how very nice
I've shown for your improvement what a hideous thing is Vice.

Now when you go to bed pull down the window curtains tight,
And don't look out to ascertain the state of things at night.

Let each one for her own self form Yar nobler aims in life,
And never be like Arabella Jones, a Robber's Wife! J. H. S.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER VII.

SAM GROVER MAKES A MISTAKE—THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE—THE PLUNGE.

Sam Grover's had not been an idle promise to Richard Brandon, for he had felt very little doubt of being able to discover Walter's abode. His confidence arose from the fact that one of his acquaintance had been, a few days previously, talking to him of Walter Brandon's downfall, and of the miserable dwelling which had become his only refuge, his wretched apology for a home. To that acquaintance, on quitting Richard Brandon, Sam flew, and received from him the hoped for information. Then it occurred to Sam that the best thing he could do would be to go at once to Walter, tell him of his brother's arrival in London, and take him that very night to the hotel at which Richard Brandon was stopping. For Sam had learned as positive that Walter and the unhappy Eliza were literally starving, and not unnaturally concluded that the sooner they were put in the way of getting something to eat the better they would like it. Away then he went, and had arrived within a few yards of the house to which he was proceeding when he saw that there was a man standing at the door, which presently opened to admit him. There was a gas lamp nearly opposite that house, so that in the individual before the door Sam had no difficulty whatever in recognising Millington.

"What does that vagabond want there?" Sam asked himself, without being able to give anything like a satisfactory answer to the question.

"One thing is very certain," he thought, "the rascal hasn't gone there for any good, unless it is for himself, for he doesn't know what good means, and there is always mischief for somebody or other whenever he stirs abroad, or when he stops at home either, for that matter."

He took up a position where, unseen himself, he could wait and watch till Millington should come forth again. And he waited a very long time, all the while indeed that had lasted the interview we have recorded between Millington and the man whom he intended to make his instrument and victim. When at last Millington quitted the house, Sam noted his jaunty and well satisfied air, and was more than ever perplexed to know what was up, as he termed it. It had by this time grown late, so late indeed that Sam decided to do nothing more that night, believing that Richard Brandon, fatigued as he was after his journey, would have retired to rest; so he set off home, to wait for Richard Brandon's coming in the morning. That was a very unfortunate determination. After his parting with Eliza, Walter fled distracted from the house, and took his way towards the address which Millington had given him, and to which he had promised to render himself. Too well he knew they were his own faults which had conducted him to that state of misery and shame, which had driven him to doom the woman that he loved and that idolized him to a sorrow that would be but too real and lasting. He could accuse but himself. The desire to shine, an ambition above his means, had made an outcast of him, had caused him to torture and, like a coward, to abandon the woman to whom so often and so solemnly he had sworn to devote his entire life. His money gone, he had been shunned and deserted by those who had called themselves his friends, and had scarcely dared of late to return to the only home left to him, because there awaited a despair which, though mute, was, as well he knew, even more poignant than his own. And now the thought of Eliza, of the cruel blow that he had just inflicted on her, and of all the suffering that his desertion was yet to cause her, drove him almost mad.

His love, the poor girl had often told him, had given her courage; and now how great, henceforth how terrible would be her misery and despair. Ah, if he had listened but to the cry of his heart, he would have braved all, would have returned on his way and flown back to her arms. But then came the thought that still would he hear her sobbings and complainings, that he would behold her tears still flowing, extorted from her by the pangs of hunger. Oh, surely those pangs were worse than all others that she could be made to know! Look which way he would, Walter felt that he was but too guilty, and prayed that heaven might pardon him. The place of the appointment that Millington had made with Walter was a beer shop of the lowest cast in the worst street of a very disreputable neighborhood. As Millington, accompanied by Sharkey Morris, entered that house, the landlord, a bloated, bottle-nosed man, with a figure as closely as possible resembling one of his own beer barrels, said:—

"Well, I *am* stunned! the sight of you two is good for sore eyes and no mistake. I should just as soon have expected a visit from the Hemperor of Rooshy, as to see either of you two swells at my *numble* establishment."

"Just you hold your tongue, Mister Squab," cried Sharkey Morris; "if it hadn't sooted us to come here, vy ve shouldn't have come here, that's all about it."

"Don't be afraid, Squab," said Millington, "there's nothing amiss. We have come here to see a gentleman, that's all."

"A gentleman? Vell, there's only three gentlemen in my house just now. First of all there's Bill Simmons, that's just left his country residence at Millbank; then there's——"

"No, no, Squab, no gentleman of that sort. But Mr. Morris and I have made an appointment here with a young man, and we wish to know——"

"What sort of a young man is he?"

"Poorly clad, but very good looking, and with a genteel figure and bearing."

"There's no person in my house at present with a genteel figure, except myself," grinned Squab.

"There, there," Morris whispered to his companion; "we are done; he doesn't mean to come at all; didn't I tell you he wouldn't; and he's got my two fi'pun notes—it's a regular swindle!"

"Hold your tongue. It wants several minutes yet to the time fixed on," said Millington, who had looked at his watch. "He is as certain to be here as that you are standing there."

"Vell, vell, I hope so; I can't afford to lose my money."

"Squab," said Millington, "take Mr. Morris into your snuggery, place some brandy and a pen and ink upon the table."

"All right, Mr. Millington."

"And, hark ye, Squab; mind that you give us a pen that will go easy."

"You shall have one that will write of itself; I understand, Mr. Millington," said Squab, leering and winking, "a pen that won't write easy gives a man time to change his mind and not write at all, don't it, Mr. Millington?"

"There, there, that will do; don't be too knowing, Master Squab. Go with him, Morris, and I will stay here and look out for our man."

A very few minutes afterwards Walter Brandon arrived before the house, and paused and appeared to hesitate with respect to entering it.

And indeed Walter had half determined to turn back, but he was not to be allowed to do so, for Millington, going to him and seizing him by the arm, said:—

"All right my dear fellow, this is the place; come along," and lugged him into the beer shop, and into the little room to which Sharkey Morris had been already conducted.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Brandon," said Sharkey, now smiling and happy, and seizing and shaking the young man's hand, "'pon my word and honor I'm delighted to see you."

"Why do you do that?" Walter said to Millington, who was bolting the door of the room.

"That we may talk without fear of interruption," replied Millington; "the proprietor of this first class establishment is of a very curious turn of mind, and allows no secrets to escape him if he can help it, so 'tis as well, you know, to be on our guard."

"And I s'pose, Mr. Brandon," coarsely laughed Morris, "you don't think as we've 'ticed you here to rob you?"

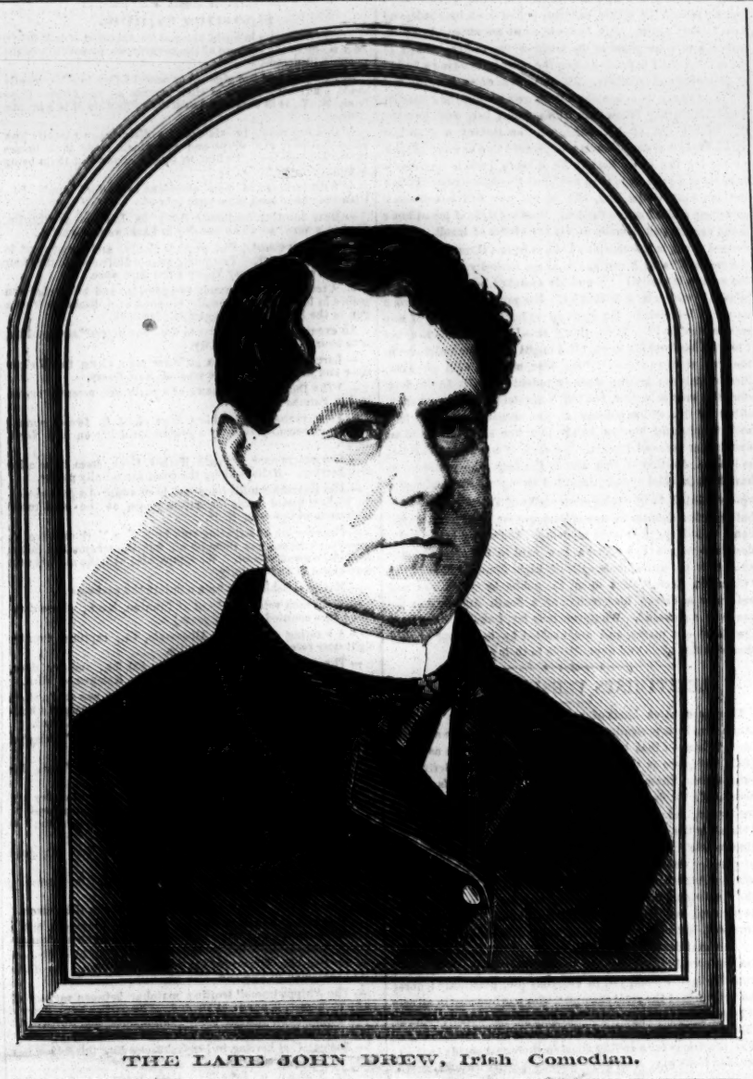
"No," bitterly responded Walter, "you have already done that so effectually that even with men worse than you, if indeed it were possible to encounter them——"

"Come, now, Mr. Brandon, you must't be so very hard on us."

"You have had little mercy on me, and have made sport of my ruin, have jested with and taunted at the misery you had wrought."

"Well, well, Mr. Brandon, never mind all that; let bygones be bygones. If we have helped to take from you one fortune, we are prepared to give you a bigger one. You have only to keep the word you have this night given to my friend Millington, and from this moment you may lead again that life of luxury and pleasure which formerly you so greatly enjoyed."

"Yes, yes," said Millington, "a large fortune will presently be at your disposal, Mr. Brandon, and in the meantime, Sharkey Morris here will advance you any sum you like to ask from him—and you needn't be afraid of asking too much, for his coffers, as you know, are running over with money."



THE LATE JOHN DREW, Irish Comedian.

Millington, as he said that, looked at the Jew and laughed maliciously.

"Stop a bit, not quite so fast," hastily cried Sharkey, "don't you believe him, Mr. Brandon. I don't mind advancing a little, 'cause of course you must have clothes, and you must have the means to live in style till—that is, you know, if you really consent to——"

"Oh, yes," eagerly cried Walter, "if it depends on me alone to rid myself of these hateful rags——"

"To-morrow, if you like," cried Morris, "you may be the biggest swell about town, and have a dinner that would make a nobleman's mouth water."

"You have but to accept a charming wife," said Millington.

"But whom?" questioned Walter; "will you not tell me who is the——"

"Not to-night; but you will know in good time. Meanwhile, you must submit to be led by us—must consent to be happy, without troubling yourself concerning the rest—not much difficulty in that, surely."

Walter sighed, for his thoughts had recurred again to poor Eliza.

"The whole affair," pursued Millington, "is an important speculation in which you are indispensable to us. No one but you would answer our purpose as the bridegroom. You see we are candid with you."

"But, I would know——"

"Yes, I understand, and will answer you that, as to the morality and danger of the affair, my friend Sharkey Morris is too rich to venture on anything that would be likely to bring him to the bar of the Old Bailey."

"Don't, don't, for goodness' sake," uneasily cried Morris; "don't talk about the Old Bailey; I don't like it, and, if I had my way, there shouldn't be no such place at all."

"Come, come," impatiently cried Millington, "I had thought that everything was already understood and settled between us. At all events, there must be no more hesitation, one way or the other, Walter; you must now, at once, decide. So, come, what is it to be—yes or no? Would you rise from out the mud into which you have fallen?"

"Yes," hesitated Walter, "undoubtedly, but——"

"Would you again possess that fortune which once you have suffered to escape you? Have you still a longing for that brilliant existence of which formerly you dreamed?"

"Oh, have I not?" exclaimed Walter.

"Well, then, accept; keep the promise you have already given to me, and to-morrow you will wear costly and elegant clothing."

"You will live in a magnificent house," urged Morris, "and will sleep on a nice soft bed—a beautiful four-poster."

"You will ride in a splendid equipage."

"Will be able to eat and drink vat you like, and as much as you like."

"You will have your stall at the opera."

"And soon, very soon, you will be von of the richest young men in all London."

"Oh, can that be possible?" Walter excitedly cried. "And you will cause me to commit no crime, you will not lead me to my dishonor, you swear it to me?"

"Yes, we swear it," very readily answered both men.

"Besides," said Millington; "you will be able to judge of that yourself, for to-morrow you will see the lady and her father—will know all that we now conceal from you."

"To-morrow," almost wildly exclaimed Walter; "oh, I am yours, wholly yours! Oh, this night will appear to me an age, for to-morrow—that will be oblivion of all my past sufferings; fortune, happiness, the accomplishment of all my most beautiful dreams."

His two tempters exchanged meaning glances, and Millington then said:—

"Now, Walter, we shall have to trouble you for your signature."

"My signature?" said Walter; "to what?"

"Vy, you know," said Morris, "to fix the interest of the advances that I am about to make you, and shall have to make you, till——"

"Ah, true," disdainfully cried Walter. "Well, what are your conditions?"

"Here they are," said Millington. "For you the dowry and the fortune to come—but for us the recompense mentioned in this paper, which you are about to sign."

Having glanced at the paper given to him by Millington:—

"An obligation for five thousand pounds," exclaimed Walter.

"Which you will pay," said Sharkey Morris, "as soon as you have touched the fortune that you will receive with the young lady."

"And can you suppose that——"

"Pshaw," said Millington, "it is hardly the quarter of what you will one day possess, and you hesitate! Come, come! you are forgetting that it is only through us you can obtain that fortune. Think you that we have conceived this project for your profit alone?"

"My dear fellow," said Sharkey, "it was for something more, I assure you, than the good of your posterity that we have decided upon this marriage."

"We render you a friendly service, and it is only just that you should pay us."

"Nobody cares about doing a good turn to anybody for nothing."

"But," doubtfully said Walter, "if this marriage should not be concluded?"

"In that case," returned Millington, "of what use would it be to us that we had your signature? This morning you would have given it for ten shillings; and to-morrow, if now you refuse, you will be ready again to part with it at the same price. Come, decide—will you be off your bargain, break your promise with us, in which case, remember, that you have ten pounds of our money——"

"My money," dropped in Morris.

"And resume that life of utter misery, which——"

"Oh, never, never!" interrupted and emphatically exclaimed Walter.

"In that case, sign," said Millington, spreading out the paper upon the table.

"Yes, yes, of course, he's going to sign," said Sharkey, thrusting the pen, full of ink, into young Brandon's hand.

Hurriedly, and as if fearing to allow himself time for further reflection, Walter signed the paper, which Millington then again took into his possession, carefully folded and once more placed within his pocket-book.

"We have got him safe enough, now," was the thought of both Millington and Sharkey Morris, as they looked towards and winked hard at each other.

CHAPTER VIII.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES—THE TWO FIVE-POUND NOTES—THE SUICIDE.

On the following morning Sam Grover rose at what was for him a very early hour. The apartment which he occupied was of very limited dimensions, but was not, for all that, in any way over crowded with furniture, since a table, one chair and a very poor imitation of a chest of drawers, which was in reality a bed, were the only movables the room contained. No sooner out of his bed than it was doubled up and hidden away. That was for Master Sam a very important morning. In the first place he would have to receive there Richard Brandon; and next, and which was of far greater consequence to him, he had to pay a visit to Miss Caroline Cook at the comfortable lodgings in which she had installed herself.

"Only seven o'clock," said Grover, "nature is still reposing everywhere, except me, and very few shops in the New Cut are open as yet. But I have been awakened by love, and because I have got to do a bit of washing."

Placing a cracked washing basin on the table, he half filled it with water, procured a small piece of soap and commenced rubbing away at a shirt collar. Having finished with that to his satisfaction, he attached it to a string that he had stretched across the room.

"Considering who I've got to see to-day," reflected Sam, "I must make myself clean and respectable, and with that collar on, when it's dry, and my coat buttoned up, I shall look prime and genteel."

Next he set to work on a pair of socks, and, having well rubbed and wrung them, hung them on the line to keep company with the collar.

"There," he said, "that's over; not a very hard day's wash, and it never takes me long to count over my stock of linen. Plenty of room on the line for 'em to dance about and dry without knocking against one another."

Then he thought he would go out and get his breakfast. He had got twopence halfpenny for a pint of coffee and a roll, and by the time he came back his collar and his socks would be dry. Then it struck him that he ought to have a clean pocket handkerchief. He had two, and selecting the one which had the fewest holes in it—

"Here, you go into the washing tub," he said, suiting the action to the word, and again rubbing away.

After a while, holding it up before him to ascertain if he had rubbed enough at it, he saw, through the largest hole in the handkerchief, his adored Caroline Cook. That lady, directed by the mistress of the house to Sam's room, had found the door ajar, and without further ceremony pushed it wide open and walked in. Poor Grover was petrified beyond all power of movement, and continued staring at his lady love through the hole in the pocket handkerchief.

"Oh, ah!" satirically said Miss Cook, "so you do your washing at home, I see. Pray go on, don't let me hinder you; the weather is uncertain you know, and you mayn't be able to get dried off."

Sam, in dreadful confusion, stealthily snatched his collar and the socks from the line and thrust them into his trowsers' pockets.

"Good gracious!" cried Caroline, "a pretty way that, certainly, to serve clean linen. Why don't you fold them up properly and put them away in your drawers?"

As she said that, she pointed to the dummy chest of drawers within which Sam's bed was hidden.

"The fact is," said Sam, desperately, being loath to yield without a struggle, "I was doing that bit of washing for a wager."

"A wager?"

"Yes, I had bet my friend the baronet—I had bet him a pony——"

"There," indignantly cried Miss Cook, "now he wants to persuade me that he's got a pony!"

"My love, a pony, with us sporting gentlemen, means five-and-twenty pounds; and my friend the baronet——"

"Hold your tongue, sir! You are a miserable impostor. You told me that you lived in splendid apartments, walked on carpets that came up to your knees—that you had a valet and a French cook——"

"Give over," said Sam; "don't say any more about the cook, Miss Cook, pray don't."

"And the valet?"

"The valet—oh," cried Sam, with a last attempt to keep up his dignity, "the rascal was so indolent and saucy that I was obliged to discharge him."

"Now, what is the use, Sam, of persisting in all these lies? Why try to make yourself out a rich man, when you know you haven't got a penny in the world?"

"I beg your pardon, you are quite wrong," said Sam, and rattled his two pence-halfpenny as hard as he could.

"If you try any longer to keep up this deception," cried Caroline, "I will never speak to you again as long as I live. Do you think I shan't care about you because you have no money? Haven't I known what it is to be poor enough myself, and do you suppose——"

"No, I don't," hastily interrupted Sam; "and I'll confess the truth, and give over making a fool of myself. It was only for the sake of your nerves—which I have always considered to be in a very delicate condition—that I wished to keep up appearances and conceal from you my melancholy plight."

"Well, certainly," said Miss Cook, who was an astonishingly robust young woman, "I am easily upset."

"No doubt," said Sam, "and what a brute I should have been if I hadn't tried not to upset you. But now that you have prepared yourself for the dreadful tidings, I will confess to you, my lovely Caroline, that I am a totally ruined man——"

"Yes, you confess it after I have found it out."

"Oh, Caroline, all the money I once had I haven't; it's gone; the days of my swelldom have passed away. Oh, Caroline, once I had rich furniture, but a man stepped in one day and removed it without my permission. Oh, Caroline, once I was all over rings and jewels that came to me from my aunt, and now they are all gone to my uncle; and once oh, Caroline, I had a valet, and he's gone too—vanished with all my other vallybles."

"Come now," said Miss Cook, approvingly, "that's talking like a man."

"Yes, Caroline, that's my usual manner of speaking."

"But, bless you, I saw in a moment, at the railway station, that you were badly off."

"Well, you surprise me, Caroline, for I have always believed that, even under my altered circumstances, there was about me an air of gentility, I may say an aristocratic air, which——"

"Rubbish! Why, your coat was worn threadbare, your hat was out of shape, battered, and no nap——"

"Yes, it is rather sleepy."

"And your boots were all over patches."

"Except the holes that want patching, Caroline. Ah, if you only knew how often of late I have envied the dummies, standing dressed so beautifully, in the windows of the clothiers' shops! And is it possible, oh, Caroline, that this discovery concerning me has not deprived me of your affection?"

"Quite the contrary, Sam; I think I like you the better for it."

"My goodness!"

"Yes, because it puts us more on a level with each other. In your grand days perhaps you might not have thought me quite fine lady enough for you."

"Don't talk like that, Caroline," said Sam, affecting to be greatly hurt; "I have run through all my smart clothes, but I haven't got rid of my fine feelings, though."

"I think you are a good fellow at heart, Sam," was Caroline's reply.

"I assure you, Caroline, there isn't a better young man on the face of the earth."

"You are not exactly what I should call good looking."

"Well, there we differ, for I should."

"Nor are you altogether ugly."

"Altogether ugly! no, I should think not, nor separate either."

"But whether handsome or plain——"

"We will say that I am handsome, and drop the subject."

"I believe that you would try to make me happy."

"Happy! Yes, all your life you should be transported with——"

"Transported for life," cried Caroline; "I would rather not, thank'ee. But I do love you, Sam, and if you will promise to be steady and industrious, and not to squander away my bit of money as you have done your own, I consent to, to——"

"To be mine!" ecstatically shouted Sam Grover. "To be my lord and master—no, I mean, to accept me for——"

"Yes, Sam, you may put up the banns, and as soon as ever we are asked out——"

"Oh! when people find we have got money we shall be asked out often enough; don't you be afraid of that, my love."

"Oh, you stupid," laughed Caroline.

"Stupid," cried Sam, "I'm crazy—crazy with joy—it can't be real—is it possible that I am going to be married to the sweetest, and loveliest, and most amiablest creature—with a little bit of money—in all the world—oh, Caroline!"

"There, be quiet, do; don't go on in that way. All I want you to say is——"

"Come in," shouted Sam.

"You are out of your senses," cried Caroline; "what should I want you to say that for?"

"Hush! did you not hear a tap at the door? it's—Come in," again shouted Sam, running to and opening the room door to admit Richard Brandon.

"You have found me out then, sir? I was almost afraid you wouldn't."

"Have you any news for me?" questioned Brandon; "have you discovered——"

"Yes, sir, all right; I know where your brother lives; found it out last night, and had a great mind to come to you then, only it was so late."

Having explained to Caroline sufficient to account for his leaving her so abruptly, Sam took a tender leave of her for that day, and having put her into a cab, which she of course would have to pay for, set off himself with Richard Brandon. It was no great distance to the house whither they were bound, and Brandon's quiet knock at the street door was answered by a middle-aged woman, poorly, but neatly clad.

"Pardon me," said Richard; "are you the mistress of this house?"

The woman, who was very pale and appeared greatly agitated, answered in the affirmative.

"You have, I believe," pursued Brandon, "staying with you a gentleman—a person named Walter Brandon?"

"I had, sir?"

"Had?"

"Yes, sir, heaven only knows if ever I shall see him again."

"For mercy's sake! what mean you?"

"He went out, sir, last night, after a gentleman had been to him, and has not since returned."

"I know who that gentleman, as she calls him, was," Sam whispered to Brandon; "he's one of the greatest villains in all London, and is trying to lead your brother into some sort of mischief, I'd lay my life. But don't you mind, sir; you take my word for it that I'll find them both out before the day is over."

"You promise me that?"

"I'll take my oath of it."

"Heaven grant that I may be in time, that I may reach him before he has been tempted into crime."

And Sam thought, considering into whose hands Walter had fallen, that there was very little time to lose.

"Oh, sir," said the woman of the house, "I wonder if he has heard——"

"Heard what?"

"Then you don't know, sir? his wife——"

"Yes, perhaps I can see her?"

"Oh, sir," and the poor woman burst into tears, "she has drowned himself."

Richard Brandon uttered a cry, and staggering back, would have fallen to the ground but that he was caught by Sam, who gently supported him into the house.

When he had partially recovered from the dreadful shock, and asked for particulars concerning Eliza's wretched fate:—

"I can't understand it at all," said the woman; "they were in dreadful poverty, sir, and the poor young creature bore it like a dear, sweet angel as she was, but——"

"Oh, I see," moaned Richard, "it had at last become too great for human endurance, and she——"

"No, sir, it wasn't that; for last night, after I was told that she had made away with herself, I went into her room and there I found two five pound notes lying on the floor."

That circumstance rendered the cause of her death inexplicable also to Richard Brandon and to his companion.

"But are you quite sure she has drowned herself?" asked Sam.

"But too certain," was the reply; "she was seen to jump into the river from Blackfriars Bridge, and a woman that lives next door and knew her well, for she had been very kind, as far as her means would allow, to the poor thing——"

"Yes—well, well?"

"Well, she was crossing the bridge, on her way home just after——and she saw the poor dear's shawl in the hands of a policeman—it was such a peculiar pattern there was no mistaking it, and besides, there was a darn in it, that my neighbor had done herself one day when the dear girl had come to ask her for a bit of thread."

"And," faintly asked Richard, "has the body been recovered?"

"Not yet, sir—leastways, it hadn't been an hour ago, when they were dragging for it."

Sam ran for a cab to convey Richard Brandon back to his hotel. As they were leaving her house:—

"What," asked the landlady, "am I to do with the two five pound notes."

"Keep them for yourself," replied Richard; "you have well earned them by your honesty."

"But if the gentleman should come back here?"

"Heaven grant it!"

"But if he should?"

"The notes will be yours all the same. I am his brother, and will replace them to him."

"Ah," Sam thought, as he sat beside Brandon in the cab, "if last night I had obeyed my first impulse, and gone to Mr. Richard then, perhaps that poor girl might have been alive now. But I couldn't foresee what was to happen, and did just what I had been told to do, and what I thought was the best, and if the worst has happened, my conscience, thank goodness, is clear about it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY "AN ACTOR WITHOUT TALENT."

At an early age I became ambitious to "strut my brief hour," and for the time was irrecoverably "stage struck." Either fate has dealt poorly with me, or I mistook my calling altogether when I adopted the stage as a profession, for although I have been an actor (or "hector," as "*Arley*" would say,) fifteen years, I have never been assigned a position, in any first class theatre, above that of "second old man." "I have done the public in big characters," as Scott used to say, but not in any of your large cities; there they "never did seem to appreciate my talent." I have played Hamlet to appreciative but "not large" audiences. I remember having come out $4,50 behind, once. When about sixteen years of age, I applied to Mr. North, then manager of the Ampitheatre in Philadelphia. I shall never forget my feelings upon that occasion. I felt as if I could face an audience of fifteen hundred with more assurance than one manager like Mr. North. However, I managed to stammer out something like the following:—

"Sir, I have come—that is to call—I—I mean to see if you—you would give me—me, a place in the theatre; I want—want, to act."

I thought that I could see the faintest outline of a smile upon the manager's face, as he tried to dissuade me from my purpose, but finding how deeply rooted were my ideas, he at last assigned me the position of "property boy," the duties thereof being to run errands, carry on "props," and help set stage. At one time we were running a show piece wherein snow was used. In the evening I was posted in the "flies," with a large bag containing small pieces of paper to represent snow. At a given signal I was to let the paper fall slowly on the stage below, but so interested was I that all was oblivion to me except the play. The signal was given, but of course unheeded. The stage manager, in a rage, rushed up the ladder and shouted:—"damn it, let the snow fall." Suddenly awakened from the lethargy into which I had fallen, I lost my balance, and fell, head foremost, upon the stage below, the pieces of paper flying in every direction. The roars of laughter that followed were perfectly deafening. Fortunately for me, I fell with the bag under me, uninjured, but awfully frightened.

At another time "Hamlet" was the attraction, and I received instructions to be in readiness with the "skulls," for the grave digger. Having stationed myself in the "trap," (Ophelia's grave), I became deeply interested in the dialogue between the "Dane" and the "grave digger," and afterwards the "omens;" I entirely forgot my duties, and when Laerte jumps into the grave, with the lines:—"Till I have caught her once more in my arms," instead of catching Ophelia's corpse in his arms, he caught my toes under his feet, and I, with cries of pain, sprang up on to the stage, and made my exit R 3 E, regardless of the applause bestowed upon me by an audience ever ready to laugh at blunders. After this incident it was only by earnest entreaties that I prevailed upon the stage manager to allow me to stay about the theatre in any capacity. Neither Hamlet nor Laertes were well disposed toward me after the "new bus" introduced into the "grave scene." After many promises of "I'll deserve your pains," and at last, being considered "responsible," small parts were given me. A very laughable affair occurred shortly afterwards. For the benefit of a certain actor, who shall be nameless, the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" was presented. Now, said actor prided himself "muchly" on his rendition of Romeo. Belonging, I believe, to the "gas-man" of the theatre, was a "board-yard cur," whose forlorn appearance excited the sympathy of the "stock," and many a stray piece of "lunch leavings" did he receive from them, and consequently he knew each member of the company well. At the "tomb scene," where Romeo had taken the poison, the "foul mouthed cur" came slowly forward. His appearance was the signal for roars of laughter. He immediately recognized Romeo, and, as if doubting the reality of his death, he gave that personage a "well meant lick" on the face. The uproar that followed can scarcely be imagined, but I speak mildly when I say it was "perfectly immense;" it was, if possible, increased when the voice of Romeo, in no measured tones, shouted, "By —— drop the curtain."

Loud and prolonged were the calls for Romeo, but that gentleman had by this time *asked the boys out*. Failing to bring Romeo before the curtain, the audience commenced shouting "the dog, the dog, Romeo and the dog." At length a supe appeared leading the "identical dog," who received the applause of the audience like an "old vet."

It was quite a time before I learned the meaning of the word "Que," supposing that it meant my part, and as the members were continually bothering me, and laughing at my ignorance of the stage, I was ashamed to ask. One night the prompter was endeavoring to prompt an actor on the opposite side of the stage. As I was on the stage at the time, in the character of a servant, the prompter requested me in a whisper to "give him the que." I "winged it" a little and in turn whispered that I had *left it on the table in the green room*. This gained for me the *soubriquet* of "Quey," which I retained as long as I remained in that theatre. In "the course of events" I became "second walking gent" at another theatre in a city not five hundred miles from the "Quaker Headquarters." Connected with this theatre was a "bill distributor" called "Old Hick," which eventually was transmogrified to "Old Nick." Now although Nick was never known to treat, it was never said of him that he ever refused *to be treated*. We had been doing a pantomime in which a "trick donkey" was used, and "Old Nick" was engaged to get in the donkey and propel nightly at a salary of $2.50 per week. The pantomime proved a failure, and money was "close." Many of the company saw not the "collateral," and among them was "Old Nick." His "nibbs" was not a man of great patience, and salary day having passed without his receiving the $2.50, his mind was much "agitated." That night, whilst the clown (stage manager) was walking the stage as usual with the donkey, "Old Nick" threw off his covering, and in a voice suggestive of a "cold in the head," cried "Looker' here. I've played donkey long enough for nothin', and I'm damned! if 'donk' moves without I get my $2.50." The roars of laughter that followed this extemporaneous speech perfectly nonplussed the clown, who was obliged to "cut" his favorite scene.

THE POOR ACTOR.—Ryley's "Itinerant," an amusing and authentic book, written some fifty years since, now seldom met with, gives many entertaining, singular, and heart-rending anecdotes of the miseries, sufferings, shifts and expedients of strollers. A strange member of the fraternity was the well known Tony Lebrun, who fills a pleasant niche in the early part of the volumes. Who that reads it does not enjoy the story of the *lavender* and poor Tony's solitary shirt? "One day, at Buxton," says Riley, "a message came to say a gentleman requested to see me. I went at once, and was entering the room, when the landlady told me her lodger, the gentleman in question, was at that moment particularly engaged with his washerwoman. The door being ajar, I found they were in hot dispute. 'I can't wash the article, sir, said the woman, "twill fall to pieces.' 'Od rabbit it,' replied Tony, 'then hang it against the wall and throw a bucket of water at it; but don't abuse it, for it's an only child, and dry it as fast as you can that I may get into better habits.' It's an hour's good exercise every morning to find my way into it. I must have a [illegible] drawn that I may know how to steer!' I could bear no more," [illegible] seen the poor fellow for months, [illegible] room, took him in my arms, threw the [illegible] into the fire, and turned out the washerwoman. *Vide Grant Thorburn.*"

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, No. 22 Spruce street, New York. Box 3 863 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

T. W. M., Boston.—"A and B are playing backgammon. A has thrown off all his men but three, *two* on the *deuce* point and *one* on the *four* point. B has one man up to enter. A throws four and two. The question is can he play the man on the four point to the deuce point for his two throw, and then play it off from the deuce point for his four throw. A claims that he can. B claims that, having a man on the four point, he (A) must throw it off from that point and play his two afterwards. How is it?".....A can play as described.

T. M. B., Newark, N. J.—"At casino, A plays an ace on a five, making it six. B plays an ace, making it seven. Can he add a seven that is on the table, making it sevens, taking it up with a seven? Also, can you make the second build before taking up the first?".....Yes, in both cases. For further explanation see Am. Hoyle, page 220, law 7; and law 8 on the same pages.

HALL TOSSER, Rochester, N. Y.—1. The official returns have not yet been published, so that we cannot decide your bet. The latest estimate is that Seymour carried this State by a majority of 8,484. 2. The official vote in Pennsylvania, in October, was Republican, 331,416; Democratic, 321,739, giving the Republicans a majority of 9,677.

PERPETUAL SUBSCRIBER, Clinton, Ill.—1. Eighteen dollars a week at a good theatre. 2. It means those who go on and leave very little to say. It is the first step towards a speaking part of any account. 3. We know nothing about the virtue of any of the preparations advertised in our columns for whiskers, &c.

J. W. R., St Louis, Mo.—1. There never was a regular champion's belt in this country. McCoole and Davis fought for one, subscribed by some of the residents of St. Louis, but it became the permanent property of the winner. 2. Edwards stands 5ft 4½ inches without his shoes. 3. The fastest time in the four mile heat at Memphis last November was 7:41¾.

SPORTING JIM, Cincinnati, O.—1. Barney Frain was born in Kilkelly, County Mayo, Ireland, August 18, 1830. He has fought in the ring four times, winning all, as follows:—With Jim Roddicon and Ned Grant, before coming to this country, and Jack Grady and Tom Bradshaw after his arrival. 2. He formerly resided in Brooklyn.

SEÑORA BILL, Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Brettle did not come to this country to fight Coburn. There was some talk between outside parties of such a match, but no formal offer was made by Bob. 2. We never knew of Yankee Sullivan being in Sing Sing prison. 3. You lose. Patsy Sheppard fought five times.

CONSTANT READER, Holyoke, Mass.—The fact of Heenan running several hundred yards and clearing twelve fences on the way, proves that he was not totally blind at the close of the fight, though he became so afterward. He did not need help. There was fighting after Heenan struck Sayers' second.

CLIPPER BOY, Fort Wayne, Ind.—1. There is no such work as you allude to published. John Goulding's book on training may be of service to you: a line addressed to him at this office will fetch it. 2. We think not. 3. We don't know any such party. 4. He can jump.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—1. A and C having scored two points for the euchre, and A thereby securing the point he wagered that he would get on his deal, he, A, wins the bet. D has no claim whatever. 2. A stakeholder should see both parties and be satisfied that all is correct, before giving up stakes.

I. L. T.—1. You must first agree before tossing, which is heads and which tails on the coin in question. It is a perfectly arbitrary matter. 2. A wins, of course, if the bay wins by ten feet. 3. You cannot play it alone if assisted. We cannot spare space for what you ask.

A. W., Tonawanda, Pa.—"A, B, C and D were playing euchre, the two former partners against the two latter. A deals, and says he will go alone; D says he will play it alone against him, which he does, and secures three tricks. How many does it count for him?".....Two points for the euchre.

F. L. C. D., Turner's Junction.—1. Forty-two years ago. 2. A book of poems by Adah Isaacs Menken called "Infelicia" has been published, none other. 3. Write to W. C. Wemyss, 3 Astor Place, this city, for photographs. 4. She was divorced in Indiana. 5. Her book of correspondence has never been published.

RATTLEBRIDGE, Boston, Mass.—In playing a carom game of billiards a four pocket table, the light red occupies the dark red spot, while the other three balls are in the pockets. What is to be done in such a case?".....The dark red is to be placed on the light red spot.

MAZEPPA.—Florence Temple was born in New Orleans and made her *debut* in Quincy, Ill., last season in "Mazeppa." She was married at thirteen years of age. Her maiden name was Sharl.

A READER, Albany, N.Y.—"A and B are playing two ball pool. A shoots and misses; the ball, taking the cushion, comes directly back on B.'s. Has B a right to stop it before it touches?".....No.

JOHNNY, Greencastle.—1. They learn from those who make a business of teaching the art. 2. He was born in Canada, and has been on the stage about seven years. About $30 a week and expenses.

R. B. C., Roxbury.—That is our opinion; because, by offering to assist, it conveys information to his partner that he, in assisting, holds a good hand, without which knowledge the partner would hesitate about going alone.

J. W. B., Southboro.—No person ever threw a double somerault over ten horses. There is considerable difference between turning a double somersault and vaulting over a number of horses.

SKID.—When Edwin Forrest reappeared on the stage, after a long absence, at Niblo's Garden, under James M. Nixon's management, he received one half of the gross receipts, which no doubt gave him about $1,000 a night.

ELI, New York.—"A bets B that the State of New York will give twenty thousand Democratic majority. Who wins?..... As for what office or nominee is not specified, and as Hoffman did get about twenty thousand majority, I am of opinion that A wins.

F. D. G., Indianapolis.—We never allow a correspondent to favor one place at the expense of the other, if we know it. Shall be pleased to hear from you. Send latest items, and in brief.

A. F. H., Jackson, Miss.—The steamship Vanderbilt, Capt. Lafevre, which arrived at this port at 8 A. M., April 28, 1860, from Havre via Southampton, made the passage across the Atlantic in nine days, twelve hours and thirty minutes.

J. G., Chicago, Ill.—1. Heenan did challenge Morrissey after their fight, but the latter did not accept. 2. They may have had a clinch when they were boys, but not since. 3. He respectfully declined.

BUTCHER BOY.—1. It would require more research than we can devote to it to answer your question. 2. A letter left at Jim Wall's saloon, Eighth avenue, near Thirty-first street, will reach Teddy McAuliffe.

SALTSBURG, Pa.—1. We cannot refer you to any dealer at present. 2. A letter addressed to the "New White House, Indianapolis, Ind.," will reach Dick Holliwood.

JILL.—1. The best standing jump on record is 12 feet 8¼ inches, made by Bob Way, the champion, at Chicago, Ill. 2. Not upon record.

M. A. R.—Frank Moran was in this city two weeks ago. He lives in Philadelphia, and a letter sent to Frank Brower, South Ninth street, near Market, will reach him.

OBENREIMER, Boston.—1. You can get them from Ditson in your city. 2. It is not an operatic selection. 3. We never heard of such a burlesque.

R. J. D., North Bridgewater.—The Democratic majority at the October election in Philadelphia was 1,838, as shown by the official count for Mayor.

VELOCIPEDE.—A. Christian, 65 Maiden Lane, this city, manufactures velocipedes. No. 1 size will cost you $75; No. 2 size, $70.

A SUBSCRIBER.—At cribbage, if the cards are played in the following order, 5, 2, 1, 4, 6, 3, the party playing the tray is entitled to six points for the sequence.

W. P. G., Newburyport, Mass.—The party holding the ace of trumps can throw out any card he pleases, even if it be said ace; consequently the party who claimed game lost the bet.

CHARLES DICKENS, Fond Du Lac, Wis.—We have nothing to do with that sort of business, so cannot answer your question.

C. HUBER, Paterson, N. J.—1. So far as yet known, Hoffman got nearly 19,000 more votes than Seymour. 2. We do not answer correspondents by mail.

CONSTANT READER, Manchester, Va.—Either party taking fewer points than he is entitled to, at cribbage, incurs no penalty, but is not allowed to rectify his mistake.

ADAMS, Baltimore.—The Webb sisters are living in Brooklyn, but not performing at present.

CONSTANT READER, New Haven, Ct.—1. The figures were put down right. 2. Yes, there is such an order.

F. S. F., Baltimore.—Lotta Crabtree is the lady's name. She has just passed her twenty-first birth day.

TRUMP, Washington.—1. Neither one is married. 2. She is their mother. 3. Aged respectively twenty and eighteen.

J. H. M., Williamsport, Pa.—We like to be kept posted, and should like to hear from you as often as convenient.

SUBSCRIBER, Kittery, Me.—A majority is the greater number, i.e., more than half.

NEW IPSWICH.—"One for his nob" can be taken, whether in hand or crib.

W. S. R.—The full official returns have not yet been given; but Seymour's majority, as near as can be estimated, is 8,484.

CONSTANT READER.—There having been eighteen and more in the hand, the party who bet against that number lost.

PAN, Springfield, O.—Seward's 9⅛ seconds is the best authenticated time on record for one hundred yards.

CONSTANT READER, Detroit, Mich.—Yankee Sullivan's right name was Frank Ambrose.

READER, Boston.—"Galveston's Heir" was commenced in No. 25, dated Sept. 26th.

POST, Fall River Mass.—Liverpool, Eng., is not a city.

BRICK, Sunbury.—The back numbers are not to be had. We do not know anything of the advertiser you name.

THORNBOR, Phila.—You lost. You should have taken such circumstances into account before making the bet.

J. W. H., Syracuse.—It was produced some time before he died.

MASTER BRYAN, Boston.—1. Nine words to a line. 2. From fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week.

G. A. B., Boston.—He was in this city last week, but we do not know his address.

R. S., Louisville, Ky.—Southeast corner of Centre and Leonard streets.

SPORT, New Haven.—1. The best time is 1:39. 2. No American horse has run a mile inside of 1:40.

O. H. P., Cleaveland.—There is no work of the kind published.

H. P., La Porte, Ind.—Low, Jack, goes out before high, game; A the referee wins.

CONSTANT READER, Iowa City.—We are ahead as much as three to one.

X.—From the statement sent, we cannot undertake to positively decide the bet; but think it better to call it a draw.

WEST END, Baltimore.—1. Born in New York, aged 21, and not married. 2. Was never a waiter girl. 3. California.

LOUISE.—Your friend has favored us with such a supply that we shall not need anything further in that line for some time.

KEYES, Wilkesbarre.—We never heard of his having committed suicide.

LANDRY, St. Louis.—1. She has passed her fortieth birth day. 2. When quite a child. 3. The lady received the divorce.

DETROIT.—1. Do you mean daily or weekly? 2. He can. 3. o.

CONSTANT, Washington.—Ricci is in Havana. Alice was in your city the past week.

B. A. J.—1. They arrived here from England about three months ago. 2. Lydia is married. 3. Alice is a single lady.

MRS. B. A. B.—He is not there at present, and we cannot inform you how a letter would reach him.

BUCKLOWSKI, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Tom Hyer's father was the first recognized American pugilist.

ENQUIRER, Albany, N. Y.—Address a note to the office of the company and the War Department respectively.

J. A. G., Hamilton, Ont.—We don't know the precise distance, but it is not a mile.

AMATEUR.—They are cousins.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—Ace is low in cutting for deal at whist.

C. W. G., Baltimore.—See answer to West End.

INQUISITIVE.—We cannot give you his correct name.

I. A. B., Baltimore.—Such things are business secrets.

BUCKEYE JOE, Baltimore.—1. Dexter's time was never beaten. 2. Coburn never challenged the world while Heenan was in the ring. 3. Different parties. 4. We have a regular correspondent in Baltimore.

C. A. L., Atlanta, Ga.—Seven points is the right number to be taken for the sequence made by the cards played in the following order, at cribbage:—ace, tray, six, five, deuce, seven and four.

MCCORMICK, New York.—The Mutuals are still champions, notwithstanding the last defeat they suffered at the hands of the Union Club.

XIOFF.—George Cregier, who recently received the nomination for Assistant Alderman in the 23d Ward, is the same party who lost his leg by an accident on the Hudson River Railroad.

P. M., Sante Fe.—A wins. Trustee, Lady Fulton, and Captain McGowan (the latter twice) have trotted twenty miles within the hour.

M. L., Boston, Mass.—If the bet was made before they fought at Lynnfield, Mass., it should be drawn, as the fight was not resumed within the same week, between Sunday and Sunday.

CHARLIE, Baltimore.—1. When not playing Lotta makes this city her home. 2. The affair occurred about six months ago in St. Louis. 3. The agent is already a married man.

P. R. B., Cincinnati.—Jennie is at present in this city, but not performing.

AN OLD ACTOR, Philadelphia.—They were acceptable, for which accept thanks.

ENQUIRER.—Brougham performed at the Old Bowery in this city the night he made his excursion to Philadelphia.

TROY.—Bill Poole stood 5 feet 9¼ inches in height and weighed 157lbs.

G. W. K., Grand Haven, Mich.—Nat Langham never fought Tom Sayers after the latter had fought for the championship.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You can obtain Goulding's work on pedestrianism by addressing him at this office.

YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.—Maires, 20 St. Mark's Place.

J. B. W., Boston.—Mark Smith was in Wallack's company a long time before appearing in the "White Fawn."

SMALL POX, Denver City.—We published all that we received. The article you name will be acceptable.

D. F. C., Hartford, Conn.—You do not state in what city or town.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—We advise a "draw" on catch bets of that description.

A NEW HAT.—Seymour's majority in the State of New York is calculated to have been [illegible].

CONSTANT READER, etc.—No person by that name ever played in the Mutual nine.

CONSTANT READER.—You lose; the Atlantics never went through a season without losing a game.

S. G. K., Boston.—They are considered good performers, but not the best in the business.

C. W., Hamilton.—They are at present in California.

H. M., Chicago, Ill.—Will appear in our next.

MONTPELIER, Vt.—We don't believe it.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—The cards must be cut, and B loses.

SEYMOUR, Washington.—He married Maggie's sister.

PROPHECY.

The world has many great men in it, each profession furnishing its quota. Among the various professions that of the ministry has not been behind the others in the number of eminent men it has given to the world. Among the most noted of these is Dr. Cumming, the theologian, whose particular hobby is the Revelation of St. John (the last book in the New Testament). He is an expounder of scripture, and particularly essays to interpret prophecy, of which the book we have mentioned is full. For a long time the Doctor predicted the speedy fulfilment of certain prophecies, which fulfilment (as almost every expounder concedes) will immediately precede the end of the world. The events prophesied were to meet their fulfilment at or about a given time, and then, of course, we might look for the crack of doom to startle us at any moment, when we would have to lay aside the things of Time; because the present state of things, when that event shall take place, must give place to another and more *durable* arrangement, which, for us, will be far from *endurable* (according to popular theory) should we have failed to perform our duty in this life. Well, for a long time, in view of Dr. Cumming's prediction, many people were greatly alarmed at the prospective beginning of the end. It was astonishing to behold what a revolution the proposed change in their state had effected in the opinions of *divers* sinners, who had *swimmingly* traveled the downward road without compunction of conscience. There was the drunkard, in whose hands a *measure* of whiskey would soon become a *dry measure*, suddenly becoming alive to the value of temperance, and shutting his eyes if you showed him a dram, though, from force of habit, his mouth might fly open. There was the miser, who, as tradition hath it, "would grasp a dollar so tight as to make the eagle scream." He, too, had *changed* something else besides *notes*; for all the world *noted* a *change* in his disposition to some extent; he could be seen, sometimes, placing in the hand of squalid want, perhaps, a five cent bit, while he would smile just such a smile as you, gentle reader, would give, if you were saluted by a visitation of a man's foot to your nether extremities. There was the man who lived by *depreciating* coin, who, if he did not make the *eagle* on the piece of money *holler*, did make many a *gold eagle hollow* by *boring* it and then sending it out into the world, to the injury of his neighbors. He had ceased to *depreciate* coin, and had begun to *appreciate* and duly regard the rights of others now; instead of *boring coins*, he was *boring* every broad-brimmed evangelist he met to show him how he might find that narrow road to a better world. There was the adulterer, whose home had been everywhere but where he resided. *He* had become awakened to the fact that the marriage vow was binding on *him* as well as on *his wife*, and instead of spending the greater part of the night in pretended visits to the *Lodge*, was content to *lodge* at home, in the bosom of his family. There was the thief, too; he who scrupled not to appropriate the substance of his fellow man to his own use, perhaps even rascally enough to steal a sick woman's soup; he, too, had become impressed with the beauties of honesty, and might now be safely trusted with a brick house.

And the influence of this worthy Doctor's teachings appeared even to extend to others who could not be strictly held to be offenders against society, but whose practices were nevertheless reprehensible. Some editors now seemed to be suddenly afflicted with a spirit of fairness, and began to give credit for jokes and other items copied from the CLIPPER. Many a politician who had previously given all his thoughts to the consideration of political questions, and whose chief exercise of mind was speculation as to the success of his party, now ceased to concern himself about the affairs of *State*, and might be seen poring over "Dick's Philosophy of a *Future* State," which is speculation on stilts, and for which the Bible is by no means responsible. Speculators in real estate no longer worried their minds with regard to the value of *titles to estate*, but would devoutly sing pious hymns, such as

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies," etc.

In short, the change of *base* on the part of some *base* individuals was astonishing as well as gratifying, and we had high hopes that the world was growing better. But, "alas, poor human nature," the much dreaded time came, and passed away without bringing in the mighty crash of worlds and wreck of matter promised us by Dr. Cumming, since which time, we are pained to have to say, many that we have heard of as having forsaken their evil ways have returned to their old vices. One drunkard that we know, who was steady enough for a while, now drinks worse than he did before, and instead of composing himself like "a *sheep* of the fold," shows frequent indications of the *ram*. *Lam*-entable enough; but enough of this. As might be supposed, Dr. Cumming was much chagrined by the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, and also, perhaps, by the fact that some people are so uncharitable as to say that his sole reason for writing on prophecy is, because his interpretations of the *Prophets* are a considerable *profit* to himself in the sale of his works; and that his predictions concerning the *end* were to answer his own ends.

FASHIONS.

"Our Jim" came in looking a little sulky the other day, and remarked that he thought we might give him a better department than the concert saloons. We tried to convince him that all the honor lay in acting well his part; but he was determined not to be put in a good humor by mere talk. We saw that, and finally asked James what he thought he was capable of doing, at the same time paying him a little compliment for the style in which he has run the amusement "machine" for several weeks lately. "Jim" said that he'd like to be "fashion editor." We blandly explained that we didn't deal in millinery much; but seeing that he was not to be appeased, we finally offered to publish a Fashion Article from his pen if he would furnish it. He modestly suggested that he "wasn't werry heavy in slingin' ink, but if so be as *pencil* writin' would answer," he had a piece he would like us to publish. Of course we had promised, and had to keep our editorial word. Let that be our apology, if one is needed, for publishing James' article. He wants it put in anonymously, so we will not tell whom it is by:—

THIS WINTER'S FASHINGS.—Bunnets is gone under *and* no mistake. You never seen 'em on the head of beauty or the mold o' form enny more. Hats vill be the only thing worn by luvly woman this winter—on the head—and on that head we'll persede. Pancakes is trimmed out, as I havise is scoops, and dish pans turned up an' down. The gals don't want none o' them things no more. The gay critters makes light of their top-gear now; hats is now about the size of a five cent nickel piece, so I've hearn from those what have seen 'em (the hats). Them a the hats proper, you know. Ribbons and all, they're summat larger. That's the crowning feetur of the change in headdress in the females. For material, felt will be used much, but as they're so smallish, in course they will be little fet atop o' the wearers. They will be more *felt* by the feller what furnishes the spons. (Goak [Printer put that last felt in different type—*Jim*]. Bows will be much seen about the gals this winter, speshally around the skatin' ponds. Married wimmin won't display 'em so open, cos their husbands don't like 'em too much, they say:—Waterfalls is now *cut*; wich is what an honest man should be thankful for; when they was gittin' 'em big a friend o' mine took out a patent for a water tight wheelbarrer, for haulin' 'em. But they ran out, did waterfalls, and the poor man ruined himself. The latest dodges in dresses is the universal suffer-age gown, cut bias in front, with a gored yoke (no bull there, I hope, Jim), and having a train—a waggin' train—bringin' up the rear, passengers who git on that train will please look out for a corn-icester, and watch out for the pealin' of the belle under the skirt (so we've been told; we can't say of ourselves, cos we're sing'e) is the crinoline which is now about the same size as a ordinary stovepipe. Our old friend, though gittin' smaller, still hangs on till its old perstition, by reason of straps over the shoulders. There is to be a good deal of waste in the get up of a dress (*perkisites* is what the dressmaker's calls it), but after its all done there don't seem so much waist as a feller might think. Sleeves look both plain and tight to the ginteel eye, which we hopes may never be said o' the good lookin' wearess. Costumes is werry pictoresk, and when cut the way we've suggested, they will display to advantage the lovely one's fine figger—if she has one—if not, she'd better go off to a furnishin' shop and buy one while they're sellin' cheap. THE END.

"NEWS!"—The "American News Company Guard" have selected Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26th, for their annual excursion for target practice, and Jones' Wood as the scene of their exploits.

SHIRKS, SHIFTS AND DODGES.

The friends of philanthropy have enough to engage their attention without overstraining the matter, and doubtless the world is full of well meaning people who, by combined effort, accomplish a vast deal of good in their several spheres, although the material they have to work upon is sometimes of the roughest. The other day an ingenious reporter, having nothing else to do, devoted a few hours to "playing spy" upon a little fraternity of beggars who were plying their vocation, seemingly independent each of the other, at different intervals along the "fashionable" side of thronged Broadway. He made note of the various *ruses* employed by them to net their game, and found that an appeal to sympathy, on the "humanitarian" principle, was the "surest card to win." He tracked one of them—a "poor, blind old womau"—to her accustomed resort in the "slums," which turned out to be a low drinking den, which was filled by the blind, the maimed and the halt—now no longer blind, or maimed, or halt—who were repaying themselves over their whiskey and tobacco for the sorrows and humiliations of the day. Even the little starveling children employed to lead them proved to be hired out to them, by persons who, doubtless, make a business of that sort of thing. Not long since a similar instance occurred within our own notice. We were seated before the window of a barber on one of the thoroughfares, enjoying a shave. Opposite, on the steps of a bank, sat a blind, crippled sailor, making piteous moan, with a placard on his bosom. He appeared to be well patronized, for who so callous as to disregard the appeals of the unfortunate? Presently there occurred a lull in business, and the blind man, raising his shade, took a look at his collection, cast a cautious, observant glance up and down the street, took a pinch of snuff, and, seeing a "customer" coming around the corner, suddenly pulled down his shade, and went to work again. This, however, as we are assured by an expert, is a very low phase of the business, or, rather, branch of the art. A child is passing along the street, carrying a basket of glassware and crockery. All at once a crash is heard, and the child stands there weeping bitterly over her apparent disaster. Some blundering fellow has run against her, and knocked the basket out of her hand. In an instant a crowd is gathered and a dozen hands are plunged into as many pockets to pay for the loss. Result, the *already* broken crockery is paid for at a price more than five times its original cost. Follow the innocent victim, and, like as not, you will hear another smash-up a block or two further. Another style of practitioner is the unprotected female, who is the victim of insult. A well dressed young lady is escaping in tears from a throng. "What's the matter?" asks a gentleman whose curiosity is excited (for the woman is pretty.) "Somebody snatched her pocket-book, I bl'eeve," responds a bystander. The gentleman's chivalrous nature is interested. He steps up to her:—"Can I be of any service, madam?" "It's nothing, sir—I can bear the loss, but I fear he has hurt my wrist. If I might ask your assistance to the drug store yonder—" "My dear, madam, with pleasure; these rascals are getting more impudent daily." In the drug store the wrist is bathed, but the "unprotected" has no money, either for that or her purchases. She accepts the offered bills with thanks and blushes, hands him her card, is seen to an omnibus or car, and departs. The card, of course, is a swindle; so is she. Another of this sort is the lady who professes to have been insulted by some innocent stranger. Husband comes up—will listen to no explanation—talks of the station house—but accepts a *douceur* by way of damages for what has *not* been done, and all go their ways rejoicing. The erring brother who desires to reform has added a new card to the pack, and still another is the unfortunate exile of high family, who, like the "Count St. Leon," plays upon the public by sympathies, and welcomes a Cretan insurrection or a South American earthquake as a god-send. Whatever their lay, however, they have the same ear marks, and are avoided by legitimate charity sharps as flat, stale and unprofitable to their purpose.

LEGITIMISTS VERSUS QUACKS.

There are three kinds of stage performers, each of whom insists that he is perfection in his way, while often he acknowledges to himself that he is a sort of moral sham, with as many faults to deplore as the general herd from whom he derives his subsistence. There is the actor *par excellence*, who is forever bemoaning the decline of the drama and the downfall of the legitimate, yet who never was known to do anything towards "elevating the profession" otherwise than by knocking it higher than a kite" (in his own vernacular), and who, if only plays of superior excellence were enacted, would never rise above a standard bearer or the sentinel in "Pizarro." There, again, is the professional (or classic) reader, who frowns upon the stage as immoral and degrading in its tendencies, yet lives by the borrowed lustre of genius whose chief delight it was to cater for the gratification of the play-goer. And, thirdly, there is the star preacher, who derives the text for his pulpit thunders from the Sacred Book, yet, in everyday life, practically ignores the teachings of the great exemplar, who was foremost in all acts of humility and self-denial. What would our Saviour say, could he walk the earth again in the flesh, to see these degenerate scions of an illustrious faith rolling about in their cushioned carriages, drinking their wine from silver goblets lined with gold, or lay ing down the law from volumes embossed with gold, on crimson cushions reposing. Not to be invidious, we might add still another class of shams—the standard author, namely, and his close ally and congener, the standard editor, who sneer at everything literary that is not clothed in the most sulted and respectable language, and who live apparently by rehashing the ideas and phrases of others, the most celebrated names in the biographical dictionary being their special meat and provender. There is this distinction between the star clerical and the star authorial, that the former enhances his reputation and his profits by addressing himself to the million, while the latter obtains his support (and a chary one it is) from the select few who deposit his lucubrations on their centre tables and in their libraries without taking the trouble to cut the leaves. The plain truth is, what is called the legitimate, either in the drama or the pulpit, or in authorship, is like the class it patterns by, an arrant humbug. Viewed in this light, Shakespeare was not "respectable," nearly all his leading ideas being derived from the middle and actual walks, or the more startling and salient realities of life—his relations with beings and people of high degree being allied with their weaknesses and crimes. As for the pulpit hacks, the teachings they retail for the benefit of the sanctified have been perpetuated—being directed to the destruction of worldly pride, and the fostering of a spirit of humanity and brotherhood among the masses in the name of a religion which is observed with form and ceremony in every part of the world on which the sun shines, but still there is no diminution of human vanities, sins and follies. The world is still a teaming Vanity Fair, in which the Arch Enemy angles with increasing success for victims, while pride has become a corner stone of society. It follows, therefore, that all this talk about legitimacy and exclusiveness is *cant*, and nothing short of it!

WILD ANIMALS LOOSE IN THE STREETS.

In last week's issue of the CLIPPER we gave an account of the destruction by fire of the winter quarters of Mr. Forepaugh's menagerie, in Philadelphia, and the escape of several of the wild animals from their cages, and their subsequent pedestrinations through the streets, without attempting to injure any person in their path. This circumstance naturally leaves an impression that our menagerie beasts of prey are not all so fearfully wild as the public have been led to believe them to be, and, therefore, the gentleman who enters the "den of wild beasts" is really in less danger of being chawed up than is usually supposed. During the conflagration in question, several of the vicious beasts got loose by the upsetting and dragging out of the cages, and they began to prance among the crowd just as docile as though to the manner born, being particularly careful not to do any damage to persons or property. Seeing the lonesome condition of the King of Beasts, two humane citizens, probably members of the humane society, kindly covered him with a packing box, and thus prevented the populace from injuring his royal nibs. The fierce leopard took a walk along the street, passing a couple of women in his progress, but as they did not molest the animal, Mister Leopard made his way quietly into the entry of a house, of which we made a quiet entry in our note book at the time. Once in the house, the leopard saw a friendly kitten, with which he commenced to play, in good humor, throwing it up and catching it on the fly, just as if playing a game of base ball. We thought he would kill it, but he did no such thing; he must be only a half breed, although showing good breeding in not molesting any one. His special act with the kitten shows him to have been imbued with a sympathetic fellow feline. The many peaceful acts exhibited by these wild beasts prove them to be at least harmless, if they are not tame; and the people will naturally think that the risk their trainers and tamers run in going into the cage of the lion is a lyin' affair, and that Mr. Forepaugh's in no danger whatever from the fore paws of the terrible leopard.

HORSE PORTRAITURE, OR THE BREEDING, REARING AND TRAINING OF TROTTING HORSES—By Joseph Cairn Simpson; W. A. Townsend and Adams, New York.—This admirable work supplies a want that has long been felt by the public. It gives clear and explicit instructions in the breeding, rearing and training of trotting horses, with their management in the stable and on the track, and their preparation for races. The production of a clever and practical horseman, it furnishes a vast fund of information on the subject it treats upon, conveyed in a manner alike clear and interesting. We heartily commend it to the attention of all who own horses, as the best and indeed only work of the kind, while its moderate price ($3.00) places it within the reach of every one.

GOOD FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The officers of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in Hartford, Ct., have erected a gymnasium twenty-five feet by seventy-five feet in size. The building is two stories high, the lower floor being occupied by three tenpin alleys, and the upper is intended as a general play room. The asylum has two hundred and thirty pupils. The plan is generous and wise—one worthy of general adoption by all other cities. In fact, a gymnasium, well appointed for necessary and pleasant exercise, should be attached to all asylums for both young and old, providing, of course, that the patients are physically able to take part therein.

OBITUARY.—Death has been busy since our last, and taken to his long home a genial man and boon companion. Tom Richardson, who will be favorably remembered by cricketers and sporting men in general, departed this life on the 18th inst., sincerely mourned by all who knew him. At one time Richardson reported cricket for some of the dailies, but latterly he kept an eating saloon on Fulton street. He was a sincere friend, and his funeral, which took place on the 21st inst., was largely attended. "Poor Tom's a cold!"

IMPORTANT TO AERONAUTS.—The London *Fun* says:—"Who says that man will never have the power to fly? A scientific friend of ours has so far solved the problem as to be able, with the greatest ease, to skim over—a newspaper." Pooh! That's nothing at all. We appeal to any base ball player whether he has not seen many a comrade "out on a *fly*." *Fun* had better skimmer down! "Our Jim," the little villain, says that all those jokes are rather thin, and thinks that the cream of them must lie in the skin!

CANNIBALISM.—An exchange tells us that the Fegee Islanders recently ate up a Spaniard and his wife, but kindly spared their children. We do not think there was any kindness about it, for those islanders like fat people best, and *spared* the children because they were too *spare* for their liking. They probably spared them in order to fatten them up for a future lunch.

STRANGE PLACE.—There is a certain town out in Illinois, so we have been told, where, if a man hasn't the ague nine months in the year, he is considered "no great shakes!"

QUEER PEOPLE.—A "dull set" will hardly ever appreciate dulcet music! "Very like"

Sporting Squibs.

— The reformers in Spain demand the abolition of bull fights. As it is one of the customs of the country, we do not believe the people will accede.

— Two boys and two girls—four new children in all—recently made glad(?) the hearts of their parents at one birth. Newburg, N. Y., is to be credited with the cultivation of this prolific mother.

— In a hay mow, in Alabama, a disturbance resently took place between the wasps and rats which made their homes there; the rats were the first to squeal, several of them being killed.

— Wild turkeys are more abundant in Bedford county, Pa., than they have been for several years.

— Bear hunting continues lively in Luzerne county, Pa. Six bears were "seen" on one day in Lackawana township.

— In Union county, Pa., game is plenty, and great sport is afforded the hunter. Two young men of Millersburg killed four deer and a bear in Sugar Valley a few days since.

— A trout, weighing nearly two pounds, and being eighteen inches in length, was recently stunned by a discharge from a gun in the hands of a man gunning for duck.

An excursion house, similar to the "Sea Breeze" at Cape May, is to be erected at Atlantic City.

— Large numbers of sea gulls are seen along the Hudson river and the bays along the coast of New Jersey.

— "The Dundee" is the name of a yacht club recently organized in Paterson, N. J.

— Four raccoons, weighing from eight to twelve pounds each, were recently shot by a gentleman living on the North Shore.

— The waters near Scituate Harbor, Mass., seem to be alive with herring. Halibut along the coast are equally plenty.

— The Kearsarge mills have just been awarded a gold medal, the highest award made for cotton goods, at the Mechanics' exhibition at Concord, N. H.

— The erection of a skating rink by a New York architect at Springfield, Mass., was thought of, but the scheme has fallen through, we understand. We sympathise with the skaters and skateresses of that vicinity.

— Mackerel fishing has been a failure the past season.

— Eight men voted for Grant at Taunton, Mass., whose combined ages counted up 686½ years!

— A hunting party from Albemarle, Va., captured twenty eight deer recen tly in Frederick Co.

— Three bears, one weighing over 400 lbs., and five deer, were recently shot by a hunting party near Kalamazoo, Mich.

— A large black bear, weighing 359 pounds, was shot a short time since in Herkimer county, N. Y., which had dragged a hunter's trap six miles before he was overtaken and dispatched.

—A pair of pet doves were on sale for $125 at Washington market, this city, last week.

— An apple, 17 inches round, was grown in California this year.

— A cabbage grown near Jackson, Mich., is said to have had thirteen solid heads. Not surprising. When so many heads as that get together there is usually considerable "cabbaging," as the tailors call it, carried on.

— Salmon fishing in the Ohio is said to have been very good this year.

— Lynchburg, Va., claims the "championship" for possessing the fattest hotel keeper in the South.

— Game is said to be very scarce in New Jersey this season.

— It is said of Napoleon that he is a good horseman, but a poor marksman, and a worse swordsman. As far as marksmanship goes we think he has made his mark to some purpose.

— Sir Percy Shelley, one of the poets, is pronounced one of the best yachtsmen in England.

— The "hippodrome" trotting matches between various of our fast horses, is nearly at an end. The parties have done a good business in various places throughout the North and West. "Hippodroming" pays all but the uninitiated.

— The catch of herring in Massachusetts Bay this season has never before been equalled.

— Mr. Whitney, of Leomister, Mass., recently shot a golden eagle weighing ten pounds, and measuring seven feet ten inches from up to tip of its wings. The man refused a couple of golden eagles for it.

— For a wager a man in North Carolina undertook to drink a quart of brandy, and walk home, a mile distant, before becoming insensible. He walked half the distance, sank down, exclaiming, "boys, I have lost the bet," and died.

— In some parts of Scotland the shepherds destroy all the grouse eggs they can find in revenge for the imposition of a heavy tax on their dogs.

— A fox hunt is to come off on Thanksgiving Day, in the lower end of Berks and upper end of Chester counties, Pa.

— Mr. Kramen, foreman of an iron mill at Pittsburgh, Pa., recently wagered that his mill could turn out fifteen tons of 4¾ hoop iron in eight hours. The amount actually produced was 16¾ tons.

— A Paris velocipedist has made 123 miles in twenty-four hours.

— Twenty-three of the offspring of "Buccaneer" won sixty-three races and $150,000 in England the past season.

— Partridges are numerous round about Richmond, Va.

— A successful attempt was recently made in Lynn Haven bay, Mass., to fish by torchlight. Fires were kindled on the shore to lure the fish into the bay.

— Parties wishing to have a sleigh ride on Thanksgiving Day, should migrate to Oxford Co., Maine, where they already have snow fifteen inches deep.

— A Rock Island (Ill.) taxidermist lately procured a mallard duck for stuffing, and on removing the skin found the flesh literally filled with a small, white worm, resembling the trichina found in pork.

— An oyster was raked up off Bullock's Point, Narragansett bay, R. I., on the 13th inst., with a metal baggage check, of the sort used by the Boston and Providence railroad six years ago, grown fast into its shell.

— They had good sleighing in Concord, N. H., last week.

— Sleighing was good in Montreal, C. E., on the 18th.

— The Council of State of the Canton of Obwald (Switzerland) has published an edict forbidding any youth under eighteen years of age to smoke, under a severe penalty.

— Jackson Haines, the American skater, is performing at Wolstendorff's Theatre, Berlin.

— James Moore, a billiard player well known in Nashville, Tenn., was shot by a negro in Decatur, Ala., a few days ago and instantly killed.

— The Austrian Field Marshall Benedik's charger, which he rode at the disastrous battle of Koningratz, was recently sold for eighty-nine guilders. Cheap!

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

The second semi-annual exhibition and reception was held at Maires' Gymnasium, No. 20 St. Mark's place, on Wednesday evening, 18th inst., and the occasion drew together a large and fashionable assemblage, among whom were many ladies. The programme was as follows:—

Jumping.—J. R. Judd, H. D. Menzies, Jno. F. Creed, Theo. Rochner, Wm. H. Martin and Wm. H. Reynolds.
Vaulting.—H. D. Menzies, Judd, Martin, Rochner and Reynolds.
Single Trapeze.—Rochner.
Parallel Bars.—Judd, Rochner, Menzies, Martin, Creed, C. H. Cone, Burnton, Batsford and Reynolds.
*

BASE BALL.

CLUB AVERAGES.

UNION CLUB ("HAYMAKERS") OF LANSINGBURGH, N.Y.

This club was organized Aug. 16, 1866. They played eleven games during the season of 1866, winning nine and losing two. The clubs they defeated were the Union, of Cohoes; Williamstown (College) Club, Mutual, of New York (twice); Union, of South Adams (twice); Wide Awake and Oswald Hose and Hudson River, of Newburgh. The games lost were with the Atlantic, of Brooklyn, and National, of Albany. In these games they scored a total of 495 runs against 254, an average of 45 to a match and 5 to an innings, with 90 over. The highest score in a match, 110; lowest, 21. The highest in a single innings, 28.

In 1867 the Unions played in 19 first nine matches with Association Clubs, of which they won 14 and lost 5. The clubs they defeated were the Union, of Morrisania; Eagle, of Florence, Mass.; Hampden, of Springfield, Mass., twice each; Hudson River, Newburgh; Victory, of Troy; National, of Albany; Eureka, Newark, N. J.; Quaker City, Philadelphia; Irvington, of N. J.; National, of Washington, and Hudson, of Hudson, once each. In these games they scored a total of 607 against 408, giving an average of 81 to a match with 18 over, and 3 runs to an innings, with 24 over. Their highest score in a match was 66, and their lowest 6, the same figures on the part of their opponents being respectively 47 and 9.

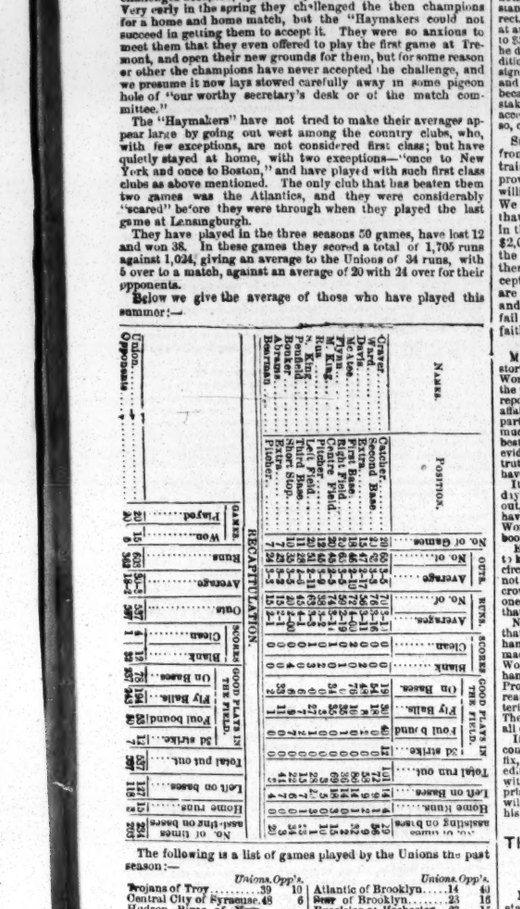
In 1868, the Unions played in 20 first-nine matches with association clubs, of which they won 15 and lost 5. The clubs they defeated were, Central City, of Syracuse; Excelsior, of Rochester; National, of Albany; Tri-Mountain, of Boston; Mutual, of New York, and Star, of Brooklyn, twice each, and Trojan, of Troy; Hudson River, of Newburgh, and Olympic, of Washington, once each. In the 20 games played, they scored a total of 603, against 362, an average of 30 runs to a match, with 3 over, and 8 runs with 69 over to an innings. Their highest score in a match was 48, and their lowest 8; the same figures on the part of their opponents being respectively 40 and 6.

During the past season, the "Haymakers" have endeavored to play as many first class clubs as they could possibly meet, and have succeeded in every instance, or at least have had their challenges accepted, by all except the Unions, of Morrisania. Very early in the spring they challenged the then champions for a home and home match, but the "Haymakers could not succeed in getting them to accept it. They were so anxious to meet them that they even offered to play the first game at Tremont, and open their new grounds for them, but for some reason or other the champions have never accepted the challenge, and we presume it now lays stowed carefully away in some pigeon hole of "our worthy secretary's desk or of the match committee."

The "Haymakers" have not tried to make their averages appear large by going out west among the country clubs, who, with few exceptions, are not considered first class; but have quietly stayed at home, with two exceptions—"once to New York and once to Boston," and have played with such first class clubs as above mentioned. The only club that has beaten them two games was the Atlantics, and they were considerably "scared" before they were through when they played the last game at Lansingburgh.

They have played in the three seasons 59 games, have lost 12 and won 38. In these games they scored a total of 1,705 runs against 1,024, giving an average to the Unions of 34 runs, with 5 over to a match, against an average of 20 with 24 over for their opponents.

Below we give the average of those who have played this summer:—



The following is a list of games played by the Unions the past season:—

	Unions.	Opp's.		Unions.	Opp's.
Trojans of Troy	39	10	Atlantic of Brooklyn	14	43
Central City of Syracuse	48	6	Star of Brooklyn	23	16
Hudson River of Newburgh	23	8	Excelsior of Rochester	23	15
Athletic of Philadelphia	24	36	National of Albany	14	19
Central City of Syracuse	35	14	Mutual of New York	43	14
National of Albany	29	16	Atlantic of Brooklyn	15	16
Tri-Mountain of Boston	63	37	Cincinnati of Cincinnati	8	27
Tri-Mountain of Boston	42	12	Mutual of New York	23	10
Olympic of Washington, D. C.	41	8	Star of Brooklyn	25	12
Mutual of New York	10	33	Total	605	362

LIVE OAK CLUB OF CINCINNATI.

The Live Oaks played, during the past season, sixteen games in all, their score footing up 383, to 380 for their adversaries. They proved themselves the leading amateur club of Porkopolis, having beaten the Great Westerns three games out of four. Several of their games were played against the professionals in the Buckeyes and Cincinnatis, which helped to cut down their score. We give the individual totals and averages:—

	No. Games.	Averages Outs.	Runs.	Average Outs.	Runs.
Stiff	14	47	46	3—05	3—04
Becklar	16	46	42	3—01	2—12
Muck	14	36	53	2—08	3—11
Lewis	15	52	49	3—06	3—01
Wunder	12	25	39	2—01	3—03
M. Bertie	10	21	42	2—01	4—32
F. Bertie	8	21	27	2—05	3—04
Jones	17	16	30	0—02	4—04
Bowman	6	14	22	2—02	3—04
Mortimer	5	14	6	2—04	1—01
Piggott	4	11	8	2—03	2—00
Walsh	4	12	13	3—03	3—01
De Lille	4	15	10	3—03	2—02
Owen	2	7	3	3—01	1—01

AVERAGES OF JUNIOR CLUBS.

THE MYSTIC CLUB, of Brooklyn, have played 20 games of which they won 15 and lost 5, scoring 536 runs against 208, giving an average of 26 runs to a match, with 16 over.

THE STARLIGHT CLUB, of Brooklyn, another first class junior organization, has played its last game for the season of 1868. The Starlights have played 24 games, of which they have won 18 and lost 6. In these games they scored a total of 453 runs to 285. The average of runs to a match has been 35.

THE STAR CLUB has also closed play for the season. The Stars have played 30 games, winning 25 and losing 5. They scored 270 to 110.

THE EAGLE CLUB, of Brooklyn, have played 42 games, winning 37 and losing 5. They scored in these games a total of 562 runs against 499.

STAR vs. PICKED NINE.

On the 14th inst., the Star Club, of Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y., played a picked nine from Churchill's school, of the same place, in which the former were successful. This makes the tenth game the Stars have played this season, and as they have won all of them they may be set down as a first class junior club. In the ten games played the Stars scored 284 runs, to 132, an average of 28, and 4 to 0 er. This is an excellent record for boys, and entitles the Stars to take rank among the crack college nines of the country. We append the score:—

Star.	H. L. R.	Picked Nine.	H. L. R.
Kelsey, l f	5 1	H. Rowe, 1st b	5 0
Downs, r f	5 1	Schuyler, r f	2 3
Enzelsburger, c	3 3	Stephens, s s	5 0
Andrews, 3d b	3 2	Double, c	2 0
Culbertson, 1st b	4 3	Kean, l f	3 1
Adell, c f	5 1	W. Rowe, 3d b	1 2
Hudson, p	4 1	Appleton, 2d b	3 1
Teall, 2d b	1 5	Welsh, c f	1 0
Neyhart, s s	2 3	Motley, p	2 0
Total	22	Total	7

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	5	2	0	2	4	1	3	5	2—22	
Picked Nine	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	0—7	

Fly catches—Kelsey, 2; Andrews, 1; Culbertson, 2; Adell, 1; Hudson, 1; Teall, 2; Neyhart, 3; total, 12. H. Rowe, 2; Schuyler, 1; Stephens, 1; Rowe, 3; Motley, 2; total, 10. Double plays—Kelly and Andrews. Left on bases—Star, 8; Picked Nine, 5. Struck out—Picked Nine, 4; Star, 6. Umpire—Mr. Clark, of the Ivanhoe Club. Scorers—Messrs. Stephens and Capt. Jinks. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

ALPHA vs. ALASKA.

At the Capitoline Grounds, Bedford, L. I., on the 16th inst., these clubs played the third and concluding game of their match, with the result as given below:—

Alaska.	H. L. R.	Alpha.	H. L. R.
Munn, s s	1	5	
James, 2d b	3	3	
Jackson, c	3	3	
Remsen, c f	2	4	
Hall, 3d b	1	5	
Merserau, r f	2	3	
Seward, 1st b	1	4	
Valentine, l f	1	3	
Gillen, p	2	3	
Total	7	Total	33

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Alaska	0	0	1	4	2	—7
Alpha	1	12	7	10	2	—32

Umpire—Mr. Brady. Fly catches—Munn, 1; Hall, 1; Valentine, 1—3. Lawter, 1; Clark, 1; Packer, 1; Heaston, 1—4. Foul bound catches—Alaska, 3; Alaska, 1. Outs on bases—Alpha, 8; Alaska, 9. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEM.—The Union ball grounds, Cincinnati, which have hitherto been under the joint control of the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, and the Union Cricket Club, have passed entirely into the hands of the ballists, the cricketers being allowed the grounds one day in the week. The arrangement was entered into last week. The Union grounds, and those of the Buckeye Club have been levelled and banked, and were to be flooded this week for skating ponds.....John McMullen, the late fielder and pitcher of the Buckeyes, and captain of their nine, started for Philadelphia, his home, on Friday, the 20th..... The little Juveniles beat the Riverside club last week very handsomely, by a score of 27 to 10. It was about the only game worthy of note about Porkopolis last week.

MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE ON RULES.—An informal meeting of the Committee of Rules of the National Association was held on the 19th inst., to take action on some amendments that had been submitted for their action. The attendance not being as full as anticipated the committee adjourned to meet at the Astor House at 4 P. M., on the 24th. F. N. Boughton having resigned the chairmanship of the committee, J. Beaver Page, as next on the list, becomes the presiding officer. Quite a number of amendments to the playing rules have already been submitted from clubs and State associations and an interesting session is anticipated.

LOUISIANA PASTIMES.—The third of a series of games between the Atlantics, of Algiers, and the Pelicans, of New Orleans, La., was played at the former place on the 15th inst. and resulted in a victory for the Atlantics by a score of 27 to 7

JOHN ODDY is prepared to walk McCann, of Albany, any distance, from one mile up to twenty miles, for his own sum; to walk in three week's time. An answer through the CLIPPER will receive prompt attention.

THE RING.

THE O'BALDWIN-WORMALD AFFAIR.

LETTER FROM FELIX LARKIN.

HE WILL MATCH THE GIANT FOR FROM $2,000 TO $5,000 A SIDE.

ALSO ANOTHER, ENCLOSING $500.

On Monday morning, 23d instant, Felix Larkin, O'Baldwin's principal backer in his late match with Wormald, called at the CLIPPER office, accompanied by Ned, and left the subjoined communication, which does not require comment at our hands. Read it:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 23d, 1868.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir.*—I wish to correct some false statements in an article which has appeared over the signature of the gentleman who represented Joseph Wormald in the recent negotiations for a second meeting between the latter and Ed O'Baldwin, professing to be a correct narration of the events which occurred in it is city on the 11th inst, and which led to the breaking off of the match through a forfeit upon the part of Wormald. I emphatically deny that O'Baldwin refused to take $200 to postpone the day of fighting, which had been fixed for Thursday, 12th inst. At the time of which he speaks, while he, Noble, Diamond and myself were seated in a coach in front of my place, Wormald's representative offered $300 to have the fight deferred until the Saturday following. I stated that Saturday was too busy a day with me to agree to such a proposition, when he offered $100 to postpone it until Friday. I said I would see O'Baldwin about it, and stepped into the saloon for that purpose. Ned at once said, "Certainly I will do it," but upon my returning to the coach and so stating, Wormald's friend said he would have to see his man before he could make his offer good. He and Noble then left for that purpose, returning in about half an hour and telling me to meet them at Johnny Murray's at five o'clock P. M. I went there in company with O'Baldwin at the hour named, and while we were discussing the matter, Wormald's representative offered $200 for a postponement until Monday, the 16th inst. I said "Ned shall fight him for nothing on Monday," and O'Baldwin, holding out his hand, remarked, "That suits me, give me the money." Strangely enough, it now became necessary to again consult Wormald (although from the statement of the gentleman alluded to, it would appear that he had all to say in the matter), and when he returned he, in a manner which created the impression that he was thoroughly disgusted with the conduct of his *protégé*, and that the latter had given him to understand that he would not fight *at all*, said, "I wash my hands of this man—I'm done with all fighters." If he had $200 on the counter to bind a match for $2,000 a side, I know nothing about it. The above statements I am prepared to stand by, and will wager $500 or $1,000, that they are correct, leaving it out to Dan Noble to decide. Further, I am ready at any time to make a match on behalf of O'Baldwin for from $2,000 to $5,000 a side, and in order that Wormald may have all the time he desires to get "that shoulder" well and him elf in the best condition possible, I will make it to fight in three months from time of signing articles. The money must be deposited in the hands of a stakeholder, and if, as has been stated, the last match was allowed to fall through because Wormald's friends wished to increase the amount of the stakes, they should show their professed confidence in their man by accepting the chance now offered. We will see whether they will do so, or not. Respectfully yours, FELIX LARKIN.

Since the above was in type, the following communication from the gentleman at whose house the Giant stopped while training, came to hand, with an express package of $500, which proves conclusively that O'Baldwin has those behind him who are willing to find him all the money he requires to fight Wormald. We are likewise in receipt of a telegram from the latter, stating that he has forwarded two hundred and fifty dollars to parties in this city, as a deposit for a match with Ned for $1,000 or $2,000 a side, but we have seen nothing thereof. We give communication without remark, though the statements therein made in regard to the meet at Lynnfield must be accepted only as the opinion of the writer. If Wormald's friends are ready to do what they have repeatedly declared in public and private they are, now is the chance to prove it, and if they fail to come forward and plank, the fraternity will have little faith in their professions. Read the letter!—

BANGOR, Nov. 18th, 1868.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—After hearing so many different stories about the broken up fight for the Championship of the World, at Lynnfield, Mass., I am compelled to write to you to let the public know the truth of the affair. I have seen a number of reports in the papers, and not one of them has any truth of the affair as it was. I went to New York, and took them, with a party to toe ground, and was an eye witness, and I will say this much about the round that was fought, that Wormald had not the best of it. I am sorry it was not decided on the ground, but it is evident to any man who don't want to shut his eyes against the truth, if Worma'd had come out in the morning the fight would have been over without interference.

It is well known by all parties that O'Baldwin was ready from daylight, and sent after Wormald several times to his room to come out, and have it over before the people of the neighborhood would have an opportunity of noising it round; notwithstanding this Wormald did not come out till near eight o'clock, and then had his boots and other fixings to put on after he got to the ring.

Everything tends to make a candid man believe Wormald wanted to kill time till the police would get on the ground. There are other circumstances that lead me to think that Wormald and his party did not mean to settle the difficulty there, as there was a man in the crowd who offered to bet one hundred dollars there would not be one round fought. If there was not some word of the Blues coming, that man would never have made such a proposition.

Now, to show to Wormald's friends and the public that we feel that O'Baldwin is his master in a 24 foot ring, we deposit in the hands of FRANK QUEEN $500 as a deposit to double the bets already made, and leave the match open for five thousand dollars a side; if Wormald and his friends feel so disposed, the deposit to lay in the hands of the holder for two weeks. The fight to come off in the Provinces, Canada, or New Brunswick, or the state of Maine. My reason for mentioning these places is to have it come off without interference. I want it to be understood that it will be play or pay. The man who is not on the grounds at the time appointed, to forfeit all claims.

If Wormald and his friends think that their man is not in good condition, we will give them reasonable time to get him into proper fix, say three or four months from signing articles. We leave the editor of the CLIPPER to be the final stakeholder, finding no fault with the present one, but still I think MR. QUEEN is the most appropriate man to hold the stakes. Let Mr. Wormald cover this and I will meet him any half or any sign articles. I hope he will stick up to his card lately published. WILLIAM MCCARTY.

THE MATCH BETWEEN ABE HICKEN AND PETE MAGUIRE.

ALL THE MONEY NOW UP.

Monday, the 23d inst., witnessed the posting of the final instalment of two hundred and fifty dollars a side, making up the sum of two thousand dollars now in the hands of the temporary stakeholder, in the match for the light weight championship, between Pete Maguire, of Fishkill, New York, and Abe Hicken, of the Quaker City. We hear favorable reports from the quarters of the principals, the attention which each is thus early bestowing upon his training proving that his whole soul is thrown into the work and rendering it certain that it will not be through any fault of theirs if they have aught to complain of in the way of condition. Maguire, who was to make his first appearance on the metropolitan stage at the Broadway Opera House on the evening of the 23d inst., has secured the services of Tom Chaffers, one of the old boys, for mentor, while Hicken has as yet had no assistance from any one, except his brother Harry, although he has sent on for Tim Hussey. Abe's experience, however, renders it unnecessary for him to have any regular trainer, and it is probable that he will merely have somebody to rub him down, etc., and at end to other matters which he cannot do himself. Although a month has yet to elapse ere the rival gladiators exchange favors in the roped arena, the interest already apparent in the match is very great, and all expect that, terminate as it may, it will be one of the most scientific and hardest fought battles which has ever taken place upon this continent. Hicken, because of his excellent record and the ability he is known to possess, is the general favorite, but those who rally around Maguire's standard are scarcely less sanguine of his pulling it off. The toss for choice of ground, in the Old Dominion, also took place upon the same day, Wm. C. Morton appearing for Hicken (by request of Johnny Murray, Abe's representative, who was prevented attending,) and one of Pete's brothers being present on his behalf. It was won by the latter, who has to give Hicken ten days' notice of the place selected.

TIM HUSSEY'S EXHIBITION

Saturday evening, 21st inst., was set apart for a sparring exhibition for the especial emolument of Tim Hussey, at the Broadway Opera House, a few doors below Houston street, and the occasion drew together some two hundred and fifty of the heterogeneous, principally delicacies from the City of Spires, who had been attracted mainly by the announcement that their herculean framed representative, Johnny Dwyer, would put on the gloves for the wind-up with the bould ex-marine. The show was productive of more than the usual number of sets-to, although they introduced mostly new comers who knew but little of the art, and only those between Oneaila and Bagley, Ed. Tuohey and Lake Gleason and Pete McGinnis and Glasgow were worthy of mention; that between the two former was the best set-to of the evening, aside from the closing engagement, each doing well and Oneaila much better than we remember to have ever before seen him; they were rewarded by great and deserved applause as they made their retiring bow. It had been announced, by way of a gag, that the box between the *beneficiaire* and Johnny would be for a basket of wine, and more than one went there with the impression that this was "regular." After the men had stepped upon the stage, and Tosee had, as usual, returned thanks on Hussey's behalf, Tim advanced to the rope and said that he had that day received a telegram from Abe Hicken, asking him to go on to Philadelphia and train him for his coming fight with Maguire, but that as Billy McLean had challenged him to fight in a day or two he would not accede to Abe's request immediately, but remain and fight Billy. Mike Costello was then selected as referee, and taking his position at one side of the stage, with a bull's eye in his hand, he quickly set the men to work. It was a rattling, slogging encounter throughout, Johnny being plainly the more accomplished boxer of the two, but Tim neutralized his cleverness to a great extent by his propensity for close quarters, which led him to a clinch quickly after they faced each other in each round, and rendered science of no avail. Mickey kept 'em at it until both were puffing like porpoises and Hussey wouldn't keep up the shake any longer, although Johnny seemed inclined to stay there all night. Tim was to open "that basket" at the Maya House on the afternoon of the 22d inst. Pete Gaynor, the "Dublin clog dancer," also appeared during the evening.

McLEAN AND HUSSEY AGAIN.

WILL THERE BE A FIGHT?

The old feeling of animosity between Billy McLean and Tim Hussey broke out afresh at the latter's exhibition on Saturday evening, 21st instant, Billy mounting the stage shortly after the exercises commenced, and stating that he had come on from the City of Quakers expressly to make a match with Tim for a purse, to fight the following morning or in a couple of days. Johnny Dwyer answered favorably upon Hussey's behalf, and in the consultation which followed between the two principals, Johnny, Felix Larkin and O'Baldwin—the two latter acting for McLean—a proposition to fight next morning was not acceded to by Tim, who wanted a couple of days to get in better trim, but they agreed to do battle for a purse and the settlement of their old grudge sometime during the current week. They were to meet on the 22d instant, between one and three o'clock P. M., at Felix Larkin's, for the purpose of appointing the day and making final arrangements, but Mac informs us that, although he was at the appointed *rendezvous* at the time named, and for several hours thereafter Hussey failed to make his appearance. Billy is, naturally enough, very indignant at this disappointment, especially as he says 'tis not the first nor the second time Tim has treated him in such a way, and he desires Hussey to understand that he is anxious to fight him either right off or at a few days' notice. We do not know the reason Tim did not show up at Larkin's, as it is said he agreed to do, as he seemed very willing to accommodate his old opponent, and it is probable that they will come to terms and box each other in a few days, as the parties who have interested themselves in the matter won't let it drop if they can help it.

BOXING AT THE MOUND CITY.—On Saturday evening, 14th instant, a sparring exhibition was given at Armory Hall, corner Pine and Third streets, St. Louis, Mo., by Tom Kelly, to a good house, among those present being Mike McCoole. The boxing introduced John Shields and Pat Hanley, "Dutch Bill" and Patsy Ryan, Tom Kelly and Henry Slater, Kearney, of Louisville, and Shea, McCarthy and Shields, Mike Tuohey and Pat Hanley, Johnnie Blake and Tom Stevens, Tim Burke and Tom Reilly, and several others, while for the wind-up Kelly donned the glove with his fellow countryman Bill Reid, *alias* "Gentleman Bill," the pair giving a pleasing exhibition. Tommy Benton was also on hand and gave a number of comic songs in a manner to win much applause.

ROOKE AND KELLY.—The talk of a match between George Rooke and Tom Kelly has, as before, ended just where it commenced. In a letter received from the latter, he states that he cannot possibly get below 150 lbs., and that unless Rooke is willing to fight at that weight the match cannot be made. If he is willing, Tom will accommodate him, or any other man. Upon hearing this, the backer of Rooke withdrew the fifty dollars he had deposited at this office, and so ends the affair, much to the regret of the fraternity.

OFF FOR THE GOLDEN STATE.—Pete Dalley, after an absence of several years, was to have taken his departure for the El Dorado State, per the steamer Henry Chauncey, which left this port on Tuesday, 24th inst. He is well liked out there and his many friends will wish me him back warmly.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Ned O'Baldwin, Hugh Riley, Barney Aaron (2), Tom Kelly and John Goulding (3).

A BENEFIT FOR COLLINS.—A reception entertainment will be tendered the recently arrived English light weight, Tom Collins, who has fought some of the best men of his weight beyond the seas, at the lower hall of 600 Broadway, on Saturday evening, 28th inst. Tim will be assisted by some good men and in the wind up will have Barney Aaron for an antagonist, which will give the public a chance to see what kind of stuff he is made of. Collins says he is ready to make a match with anybody, bar Barney, at 130 lbs., for $200 a side. If this is not enough, the match may be made for more money.

THE BREWERY SHADES ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—The frequenters of Tom King's snuggery, on west 41st street, celebrated for its collection of curiosities, are to be provided with excellent sport on Thanksgiving Day, by the jovial proprietor. A fatted sheep is to be played for by experts at skittle and bagatelle, the competitors to be handicapped according to merit, and for the amusement of those who are "some pumpkins" at shuffleboard, Sir Thomas will put up a handsome meerschaum pipe to be contested for.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a letter from Thos. Dent, in answer to that of Jem Ward in our last issue, which want of room compels us to lay over.

TOM KELLY and Patsy Reardon parted company at Louisville, Ky., on the 31st ult., and each now plays a lone hand.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP FOOT RACE.

BETWEEN

J. WESLEY COZAD AND E. DEPEW DAVIS FOR $4,500.

COZAD WINS IN 12¼ SECONDS.

Monday afternoon, 23d inst., was the date fixed upon for the decision of the important race for the championship at one hundred and twenty-five yards, between John W. Cozad, of Iowa, known as the "Plow Boy of California," and E. D. Davis, better known as "Pea" Davis, of Kingston, N. Y., the latter putting up $2,500 against $2,000, and the stakeholder being Caleb Mitchell. Davis has been victorious in nearly all his numerous races, defeating A. Kearney, J. Thomas (three times), Broom Boy, Wm. Woods, the Hawley Boy, George Brown, George Adams, McCarthy Berger, Tom Cox (twice) and Adams (the two latter for the 100 yards championship at the Chicago Tournament) the California mare, 220 yards against 440 yards, the Hebron Boy, Bob Fisher, Wm. Strickland and a field of seven at the Pedestrian Congress, Finlay's Track, N. Y.; won purses at Ottowa and Rock Island, Ill., and at Davenport, Iowa; received forfeits from Wm. Kendricks and Wm. Seals, and was beaten by Cox once in a 160 yards race at Kingston, N. Y., Davis catching spike and rallying after going forty yards. For a long time he has had a standing challenge to any man in the country at one hundred yards, but all have fought very shy of him, knowing his wonderous speed. In appearance he is every inch a runner, being tall, straight as an arrow, of fine figure, while his limbs, though small, are well supplied with muscle and sinew, and he is burdened with scarce an ounce of superfluous flesh at any time, as he always, by careful avoidance of excesses and the taking of gentle exercise, keeps himself in fair condition. His rival, Cozad, has also an excellent record, accounting for the confidence reposed in him by his friends, and including defeats of Kelley Davis, Tom Cox and Harry Crandall (twice), a dead heat with the Hebron Boy and a defeat by George Adams—all, excepting the second with Crandall, being one hundred yards races. He has also appeared in other contests of minor importance. The fixture drew together between two and three hundred spectators to the Fashion track, L. I., among whom Davis, who had the services of George Topley as trainer, was the favorite in the betting, which was spirited. The men were upon their marks at the appointed time, Davis being attired in red trunks and Cozad in blue. The start was made shortly after two o'clock, Cozad taking the lead at once and keeping it, contrary to general expectation, until the finish, winning after a splendid dash by about eight feet in 12¼ seconds. As he touched the scratch he turned his head and and laughed at Davis, who appeared as much surprised as his friends at the wonderful speed shown by his opponent. The result was hailed with exultant shouts by the partizans of Cozad and astonishment by the adherents of the New Yorker. The latter, nothing daunted by the issue, however, declared his willingness to try it over, and a meeting was to have been held at Florence's on the night of the 23d to make arrangements for a fresh match. The judges were Messrs. Patterson and Johnson. Davis won the toss and took the west side.

A NOVEL WALKING MATCH,

BETWEEN

HENRY W. WILSON AND W. A. RICHARDSON.

Some weeks since Henry W. Wilson, of Swampscott, Mass., offered to wager $150 that he could walk eleven miles backward while W. A. Richardson, a pedestrian of some repute in the shoemaking district, walked twenty miles forward, and subsequently he agreed to give the latter a start of a quarter of a mile in that distance. The match was made upon these conditions for $300; and, after several postponements, in consequence of rainy weather and the unfavorable condition of the track, the race was decided at Franklin Park, near Boston, on the 16th inst. The attendance was very small and the track heavy. Wilson had already attained considerable notoriety as a "backward walker," having walked two matches at Lowell with A. H. Libby, the first of which, a race of three miles to six, for $50 a side, he lost, while in the second, for $150 a side, he walked five miles backward before Libby could complete ten. In a race against time at Haverhill, he walked five miles in about an hour and twenty-five minutes and won a purse, and his last match previous to that of Monday was at Manchester, N. H., with E. T. Payson, of Montreal, whom he beat easily in a race of six miles to twelve. Richardson had previously participated in a twenty mile match over Franklin Park with Downing, of Lynn, and won a wager of $150. Downing withdrawing from the race after completing twelve miles, at which time Richardson was about a mile ahead. The men appeared upon the track about half-past eleven o'clock, Wilson being attired in tights, with trimmings of silver and blue, plaid stockings and cap, while Richardson's costume consisted of a white linen cap, red shirt, blue knee breeches, with red stripe, and white stockings. Richardson took his seat at a quarter of a mile by commencing his tramp at the quarter pole, and the dropping of a handkerchief sent the men away at twenty-eight minutes before the meridian hour. The table below will give all necessary particulars of the walk:—

RICHARDSON.

	Aggregate. H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.	Aggregate. H.	M.	S.
¼	0	59	0	59	11	15	27	2	14
2	12	24	21	23	12	52	2	18	42
3	12	15	33	38	13	14	03	2	42
4	13	07	48	45	14	13	28	3	56
5	9	45	56	50	15	13	44	3	10
6	15	30	1	10	00	16	13	25	3
7	12	33	1	22	53	17	15	31	3
8	12	37	1	35	10	18	12	31	4
9	13	07	1	48	10	19	13	37	4
10	13	12	2	01	22	20	11	34	4

WILSON

1	19	00	19	00	7	24	25	3	46
2	22	24	41	24	8	24	49	3	15
3	24	06	1	05	27	9	23	11	3
4	25	33	1	30	00	10	21	04	3
5	27	04	1	57	04	14	17	48	4
6	26	16	2	23	20				

1	19	00	19	00	7	24	25	3	46
2	22	24	41	24	8	24	49	3	15
3	24	06	1	05	27	9	23	11	3
4	25	33	1	30	00	10	21	04	3
5	27	04	1	57	04	14	17	48	4
6	26	16	2	23	20				

SUMMARY.—LIBRARY HALL, CHICAGO, NOV. 18TH, 1868.—Contest between Pierre Carme and A. F. Rudolphe; three ball game, 500 points, on a second size carom table. Score—Rudolphe, 500; Carme, 385. Best runs—Rudolphe, 35; Carme, 26. Averages—Rudolphe, 5 35-93; Carme, 4 23-93. Time—Three hours and a half.

THE FOUR BALL GAME.

The audience which assembled on the night following, to witness the push-barred game, was but a little more than one-half as large as that which attended at the previous contest. Again there was no betting, with the exception of an offer on the part of Rudolphe to lay $120 against $100 that he would win. The offering was not good upon either side, and the average surprisingly low. Carme's best run was 59, and Rudolphe's 115. The referee was Peter Snyder, of Chicago. Edward Cahill acted as Carme's umpire, and Frank Parker as Rudolphe's. The score tells the rest:—

Carme. Inn.	Count.	Total.	Rudolphe. Count.	Total.	Carme. Inn.	Count.	Total.	Rudolphe. Count.	Total.
1	5	3	0	0	39	0	363	13	382
2	1	6	9	9	40	15	378	27	409
3	5	11	0	9	41	59	437	3	412
4	2	13	0	9	42	8	445	11	423
5	31	44	19	28	43	4	449	14	437
6	6	50	36	64	44	3	452	52	489
7	2	52	3	67	45	0	452	12	501
8	29	81	0	67	46	0	452	51	552
9	24	105	10	77	47	0	452	2	554
10	3	108	39	116	48	6	458	29	583
11	0	108	2	118	49	0	458	11	594
12	19	127	0	118	50	13	471	0	594
13	0	127	2	120	51	0	471	0	594
14	0	127	12	132	52	5	476	0	594
15	0	127	17	149	53	14	490	4	598
16	0	127	0	149	54	0	490	0	598
17	15	143	3	152	55	17	517	0	598
18	6	149	58	210	56	5	522	17	620
19	2	151	5	215	57	6	528	79	699
20	2	153	0	215	58	14	542	0	699
21	8	161	1	216	59	2	544	0	699
22	3	164	0	216	60	3	547	2	701
23	6	170	0	216	61	17	564	25	726
24	4	174	0	216	62	8	572	6	732
25	18	192	0	216	63	1	573	4	736
26	0	192	3	219	64	0	573	0	736
27	14	206	3	222	65	0	573	0	736
28	3	209	0	222	66	7	580	8	744
29	6	215	17	239	67	2	582	21	765
30	26	241	30	269	68	21	603	0	765
31	7	248	34	303	69	3	606	78	843
32	10	258	2	305	70	17	623	7	850
33	38	296	13	318	71	0	623	0	850
34	0	296	0	318	72	7	630	23	873
35	31	327	14	332	73	4	634	4	877
36	0	327	0	332	74	11	645	2	879
37	6	333	3	335	75	2	647	17	1030
38	8	341	3	338					
39	2	343	0	338					
40	0	343	0	338					
41	1	344	0	338					
42	0	344	0	338					
43	0	344	0	338					
44	0	344	0	338					
45	0	344	0	338					
46	0	344	0	338					
47	0	344	0	338					
48	0	344	0	338					
49	0	344	0	338					
50	0	344

AN OFF NIGHT.

BY CHESS. L. BRIARMEAD.

Oh, Maude, these slender hands that you press
Have worked a singular toil;
These lissom fingers have carved out fast
Ruin and rack on many a soil!
Yet, darling, when the hurry is past,
And the work of table and card,
There's such softening and thrilling around my heart
That I think it is not all hard.

Oh, Maude, bend down with your regal face—
Kiss my lips with your dainty mouth—
For you alone, of the whole wide world,
Can quench this terrible drouth.
So tired am I of this wearying life,
That is spent so terribly fast,
And I would, my queen, for your own sweet sake,
It was all of it o'er and past.

* * * * * * *

The wheel goes round with a steady turn,
Binding me with its breakless chain;
To-night, love-fast, for to-morrow, at noon,
I'll be all hard and cruel again;
Both of these, with a heart of stone—
Living death in a corpse-like life—
And you will be sad that the night is past,
And has left you—a gambler's wife.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ALBUM.

The story was quite true—Limping Jack was alive and well at Manchester, when Ralph Gaveston hoped that he lay lifeless under the smoking ruins of the old inn. He was not asleep when the Squire arrived—far from it, he was very wide awake, and heard his voice and almost every word that passed between the landlord and the guest as they came up stairs. He lay thinking over all the circumstances of his own acquaintance with the *ci-devant* digger, and wondering not a little what the service might be required of him, when he was roused from his reverie by hearing Mr. Gaveston come softly out of his room. Doubtless he was coming to wake him up to tell him what he wanted. No, he made no attempt to enter the room, and to Jack's horror he heard the rusty key turned twice in the lock. Fastened in, like a rat in a trap! What could be the meaning of that? No good, he was sure, and in abject terror he stopped softly out of bed. He must get out, but how?

He heard Ralph Gaveston return to his room and shut the door, and then he peered about for some means of escape. All his money was safe in his clothes, if he could only get out; there was the window, but the distance was too great to leap. He peered cautiously out, and saw a high-laden hay-wagon coming slowly up. It halted at the door close under his casement, and the driver went into the house for his customary glass. Now was Jack's time; there are no pavements in Newton, and the fragrant load was almost touching the wall beneath him. He pushed open the window and sprang out; Wolf followed, the heavy casement swinging to behind them, and they were safe. To scramble down was only the work of a minute, and the pair made their escape into the darkness unseen by any save one, and that was Mr. Dale. She had been hidden in Newton ever since the day when she had turned back from Carlisle station, and had seen Jack once or twice during the week he had been in the village, without having been seen by him. Strangely enough, she lodged in the house of a Warwickshire woman, to whom came weekly a Birmingham paper, and on a scrap of one of these she read the story of what had occurred at the little heir's funeral, and the inquiries which were being made for the man with the black dog. When she met Ralph Gaveston face to face, the whole thing flashed, clear and distinct, into her mind. This man, like herself, had some hold upon him, and he had come down to the out-of-the-way place to be out of him. But we are anticipating. Jack did not know of her presence, and went and hid himself on the embankment of the railway, which rises sharp and shadowy behind the houses in that spot, and waited; he was sure the looking of his door was but the beginning of the night's work, and he felt himself impelled to lie *perdu*, and see the *denouement* of the drama. Nor had he long to wait. In an hour from the time when he and Wolf leaped through the window, the cry of "Fire" rang out, and the whole village was roused. Then he fled in wild terror, his only object being to escape himself and the man who could plan and execute such a horrible deed, and he made his way to Manchester exactly as the railway driver had stated at the post-office. No suspicion attached to the gentlemanly stranger who had happened to arrive on a night of such a disaster; and when he departed, which he did by the earliest train in the morning, after posting the letter to Ruth Grantley, he left an exceedingly pleasant impression behind him.

Mrs. Dale also made her exodus from Newton on the same day; but no one missed her; she went off unobtrusively, as she had come, only anxious to melt away out of Ralph Gaveston's ken and leave no trace of her whereabouts behind her.

* * * * * * * *

A rather curious circumstance happened while the master of Gaveston was away from home, employing himself in such a singular manner. He had hardly left home three hours when a stranger appeared at the hall asking for him. No rough, flannel-coated digger this time, rude of speech and coarse of exterior—but a gentlemanly-looking man enough, somewhat burnt, and with an unmistakeable air of travel about him, but pleasant spoken and refined for all that.

"Mr. Gaveston in?" he inquired.

"No, sir," was the reply. "My master is from home—won't be back for two or three days, I expect."

"Indeed, I am very sorry. I have come a long way to see him. I am an old Australian friend of his. As he is not here, can I see Mattie Brock, the girl he sent home, I mean? His London agents told me she was here, and doing well."

"She was here," the man replied, "but she has left. She is somewhere in Birmingham. I couldn't say exactly where, but Mrs. Gaveston could give you every information about both master and Mattie."

"Mrs. Gaveston!" the stranger exclaimed. "Is my old friend married?"

"Oh, no, sir; not yet," the man said, with a conscious look. "Mrs. Gaveston is the old master's widow; she lives at Bertie House, Leamington."

"Thank you. There is my card. I will go over to Leamington at once."

The card bore the name "Henry James Kennedy, Melbourne, Australia," and the servant looked after its owner, as he departed, with a good deal of interest. "That's not a digger, anyhow," he soliloquised; "that's the first decent chap, except that poor Mr. Dale, that has come after master since he came home. I don't think there was any need to send him to old Ord." Straight to Leamington Mr. Kennedy went, and presented himself at Bertie House. He sent in his name as a very intimate friend of Mr. Gaveston, and was at once admitted. Mrs. Gaveston and Alice were sitting alone, and rose to greet him with much cordiality. He was much struck with the grace and dignity of the elder lady, and the beauty of the younger, though the latter looked extremely frail and delicate. He apologized for intruding, with an easy grace which showed that he belonged to good society, and a pleasant manner, which charmed Mrs. Gaveston very much.

"We are only too happy to receive any friend of my dear brother, Mr. Kennedy," she said. "I trust you will not be obliged to leave Leamington before he returns home."

"I hope to be able to see him; it would be a great disappointment to me not to. I came here to trouble you for the address of Mattie Brock. She has left the Hall, I hear."

"Yes; but she is doing very well in her new place. My brother came home in very weak health, and poor Mattie reminded him so painfully of many things in the past that we provided for her elsewhere at once. She has never even seen him."

"Not seen him! Mattie remind him painfully of the past! My dear madam, you astonish me. The very last words he spoke to me when he left Australia for America were, how glad he should be to see Mattie again, if ever destiny led him back to England. Why, he glorified in that girl's rescue; it was a bright triumph for him!"

"Much has happened to unnerve and try him since; it is a triumph for any man to redeem a woman from crime and degradation; but for all that, he has never met poor Mattie since he returned, though he has been most careful of her welfare in every way."

Mr. Kennedy looked puzzled, but noted the address down carefully in his pocketbook.

"I must go and see Mattie," he said. "She will be glad to find she is not forgotten on the other side of the world. When Mr. Gaveston brought her from the diggings to Melbourne (and a pretty savage she was, I can assure you), he confided her to my care, and almost the last act of my poor wife was to see to her outfit and comfort for the voyage home. I have sought a little memento of her for the poor girl; I think she will be glad to have it."

"I am sure she will," Mrs. Gaveston said. "Mattie is very grateful for any kindness; but you will lunch with us, Mr. Kennedy. I cannot let you go without some refreshment."

The visitor remained to lunch, and the conversation turned, as was natural, on Ralph Gaveston and his fortunes. His sister-in-law recounted all she knew of what had happened to him in America, and of the painful circumstances attendant on his quitting British Columbia."

"He did not mend matters much by leaving Autralia," his friend remarked. "He was moderately fortunate out there til he smashed his hand so dreadfully."

"Ah, that must have been a terrible wound, the scar even is fearful to see!"

"Terrible indeed, and would have been his death, I really believe, but for Mattie."

"And did you know my uncle so very well?" asked Alice, turning her blue eyes to his face with a sudden interest.

She had been very silent during the whole of the stranger's visit, evincing no interest when her uncle's name was mentioned. Mr. Kennedy thought her rather strange, but her mother was used to this queer, abstracted manner of hers, and took no notice of it; indeed, she was rather surprised when she asked the question.

"Know him, my dear young lady? I knew Ralph Gaveston out yonder as well as though he were my brother—poor fellow, I shall be so glad to see him."

"You will find him a good deal altered," Mrs. Gaveston remarked. "We can see it ourselves since he came home."

"Not past all recognition, I trust, though I don't think that possible. I should know him under any circumstances, even without the aid of a portrait which I have in my possession."

"I should like to try you," said Alice, rising and reaching a handsome album from a side table. "You have not seen Uncle Ralph for three years; there is an excellent portrait of him in there, see if you can find him."

"Find him? why, Alice, how absurd! Of course any friend of my brother's would recognize that likeness in a moment."

"Know him? If his face is here I shall not have to search long," said Mr. Kennedy. "Dear old fellow, I expect it is something better than our Australian photographs." But though Mr. Kennedy was so sure, he was doomed to disappointment; he turned the leaves over two or three times, and then laid down the book.

"Have you been joking with me, ladies?" he asked; "my dear old friend's face is not among these."

"Joking? Why it is the finest portrait in the album. We are very proud of it," Mrs. Gaveston said.

"This is Uncle Ralph," Alice remarked quietly, looking keenly at the stranger as she placed the open album in his hands, with a beautifully colored photograph of the squire before him. He looked at it intently for a minute and then glanced at the two ladies. A sort of spasm passed over his face, but whatever emotion caused it he repressed it quickly, and handed the album back to Alice.

"I was mistaken, I see," he said quietly, "and thought my memory better than it is. I find my friend of old days is very much altered, and, do you know, I doubt if I *should* know him after all."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MATTIE HAS ANOTHER VISITOR.

Mr. Kennedy's disappointment about the *carte* seemed to have cast a strange damp upon his spirits; he entered into no particulars about his Australian life, and took his leave early, promising to return on the following day. He seemed rather annoyed at the change in his friend's appearance, and said that very likely his being so altered accounted for his having become so cold to his old friends. "A new life brought new connections and new manners with it," he said.

"That is hardly the case with Ralph," Mrs. Gaveston remarked. "He has proved himself very liberal and kind to all who have claimed any acquaintance with him hitherto."

"And yet he never answered my letters, intimate as we were. I felt it, I can assure you."

"Your letters? Did you write?"

"I have written *twice*. The news of his succession to the estate reached me through an English paper, and I wrote directly and once since."

"That's not like him; is it Alice?"

"He had some reason, doubtless. Uncle Ralph is not a man to do things without a reason."

There was a peculiar tone in her voice which made Mr. Kennedy look keenly at her; but she did not vouchsafe another word on the subject and he went away.

"That's the second person from the other side of the world who has wanted Mattie's address," her mother remarked when they were once more alone. "I wonder who the other one was? We never heard any more about it."

"Mattie will tell us when we see her, I dare say. I suppose this is the person we have heard her speak of. I had forgotten his name if I ever heard it."

"So had I; he seemed oddly put out at finding your uncle so altered. Did he think he was going to see the rough digger he remembered, I wonder, without any change? By the bye, what prompted you to set him searching the album in that strange way? Why could you not have shewn him the *carte* at once?"

"I don't know, mamma; I had the same feeling that he has now—that any one who knew my uncle in days gone by would not recognise him now. Mr. Kennedy won't be the only one that will be disappointed, I am afraid."

"I can't make you out, Alice," her mother said, half reproachfully. "You are grown the strangest girl. I wish I could tell what ails you."

"I am afraid you will find out some day, mamma. There's misery coming upon us all, and it will be no secret from all the world."

And with this extremely ambiguous answer Mrs. Gaveston was obliged to be content. Mr. Kennedy presented himself at Mrs. Sturrock's on the following morning, and requested to see Mattie, making that extremely precise and respected lady open her eyes very wide at the audacity of such a proceeding as a *second* visitor presenting himself so soon to see a servant of hers. But Mr. Kennedy being ushered into her presence, and having satisfied her that he was neither burglar, Fenian, nor swell mobsman, was permitted to see the girl, whom he had last looked upon standing on the deck of a homeward bound ship, extremely frightened at the prospect of the voyage, and very awkward and ill at ease in her new and strange habiliments. Poor girl! there was so much doubt about the success of Ralph Gaveston's scheme for her restoration then, that it seemed difficult to believe that she was really a respectable, valued servant in such a house as this. He was wondering whether he should know her, or if she would remember him, when the door opened, and she appeared. She did not know *who* it was that wanted her, and anticipated some of her old friends at the Hall, who were sure to call upon her when ever they got as far as Birmingham by any chance. She was in her ordinary neat in-door dress—a plain stuff gown and a white apron, and her dark hair, which was abundant and wavy, was brushed back under a quaint but becoming little cap. It was one of Mrs. Sturrock's rules that her servants should dress in extremely sober costume. Her's was a good place, and she was a kind mistress; but her will was law. "The girl's might dress up in ribbons and furbelows if they chose," she used to say, "but not in her house; and *sensible* girls yielded the point, and counted more years in her quiet service than many of their gayer acquaintances did months in other households. No attire could have been more suitable to Mattie than the one she wore.

The seams and scars were still upon her face—nothing could erase those mementoes of her wild life—but the haggard, brutalized expression had gone from her features; a new and softer light had come into her dark eyes, and her skin had regained its purity. Altogether, she looked a very pleasant, homely creature, and her visitor felt, as he looked upon her, that the experimment of his old friend had indeed been a triumphant success. She came in shyly and looked at him for a moment with doubting eyes; but the next moment her face was all aglow with joy, and she exclaimed:—

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy, is it really you?"

"Really me, Mattie, and no one else," he replied, taking her hands; "and so glad to see you. I hear nothing but good of you everywhere."

He made her sit down, for she was trembling with agitated joy, and then began to tell her Australian news about people she had seen out there.

He had to speak of his wife's death and give her the little present he had brought for her, over which the poor girl wept sadly, for Mrs. Kennedy had been almost the first woman who had ever spoken to her a word of womanly kindness and sympathy. Mattie, in her turn, spoke of the good fortune which had attended her English career, and of the Gavestons, one and all, with respect and love.

"And you are happy, Mattie? You have a comfortable place?"

"*Comfortable*, sir! That's hardly the word for it. I am happier than I ever deserved to be. My mistress is most kind to me and she trusts me. Only think of that, Mr. Kennedy; she knows what I was once, and she *trusts me*."

Her tone showed full well how she felt and valued the confidence of her mistress. It is only those who have tasted of suspicion that can value faith in their honesty.

"But you were trusted at the Hall, were you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; but that was different. They did it for his sake—for Mr. Ralph's. Oh, Mr. Kennedy, have you seen him? How does he look?"

"No, Mattie, I haven't seen him; so I can't tell you. I hear of him as looking well and prosperous; and I hear, too, that you haven't seen him either. How is that?"

"I don't know, sir," she replied with a troubled look; "I never could understand it rightly. It seemed all a muddle to me. He was very kind to me, sent his love to me, and gave me a brooch and a Bible. Mrs. Bartley—that's the housekeeper at the Hall—said that he could not bear to see me yet, and so I was sent away."

"It is very odd."

"I thought it was, too, sir, and I was very unhappy about it for a time, for I had so hoped and prayed for the time to come when I might look upon his face again. I don't think he meant to be unkind, for he promised to see me two or three days running, and then found he couldn't. He didn't do it out of neglect, for he'd kept a Bible for me all the time he'd been in America. Would you like to see it?"

"If you please."

So Mattie fetched her treasures—the Bible, with the inscription in Ralph Gaveston's handwriting, the brooch, and one or two trifles which he had given her in the far off time in Australia—and laid them before him.

"I look at them every day," she said. "They seem to speak to me of him, and his goodness to me. Do you think he will ever let me see him, Mr. Kennedy?"

"I have no doubt you will meet the squire some day," he said, gravely, without meeting her eyes; "but I wouldn't anticipate it too much, if I were you."

"To think that I should never have seen him except just getting a glimpse of his back once," she said; "but even that seemed to comfort me."

"Should you know him, do you think, if you saw him now?"

"Know him! As if anything could make me forget him. Ay, a dozen years to come, if I missed him."

He took out his pocketbook, and, after some search, laid a little faded miniature before her. It was a poor thing, roughly drawn, and worn, from long repose among papers and documents; but there was a good deal of life and spirit in it for all that.

It was a very faithful likeness of Ralph Gaveston during his sojourn in Australia; and Mattie picked it up with a cry of joy. "Oh, how like!" she exclaimed. "It is just his own bonny face, is it not?"

"It is very like; and it is far better than one I saw at Mrs. Gaveston's yesterday. I think you will find, as I did, that he is very much altered, and not exactly for the better."

It was a strange fact that this *good* likeness of Ralph Gaveston, digger and adventurer generally, did not in the least resemble the exquisitely finished *carte* of the squire in Mrs. Gaveston's album.

"I'll give you this before I leave England, Mattie," he said, when he had risen to go, seeing how longingly she looked at it; "but I must keep it for a little while; I have several people to show it to. By-the way, is the old solicitor Ralph used to talk about so much alive still?"

"Mr. Ord, do you mean, sir? Oh yes; he's alive."

"Ah, Ord—that was the name. Where does he live?"

"At Emscote. That's just out of Warwick, about a mile from the Hall."

"And he still transacts Mr. Gaveston's business for him?"

"I think so, sir. It was to him the squire went when he came home. He brought him to the Hall and introduced him to Mrs. Gaveston."

"Any way, he could give me any information I want about the family?"

"Oh, I'm sure he could."

"Then I shall call upon him. Good bye, Mattie. Be-the-way, your former mistress and her daughter send all kinds of kind messages to you, in case I saw you. They think a great deal of you, I can assure you."

"They are very kind; and how are the mistress and Miss Alice, sir?"

They seemed well, and received me very kindly. I wonder if Mr. Gaveston will do the same?"

"Oh, that I'm sure he will."

"I'm not so sure of it. Once more, good bye, Mattie. You'll see me again soon—Emscote, you say, Mr. Ord lives at."

Yes, sir. Elm House, Emscote. You'll find it quite easily. Every one in Warwick and round about well know him."

She went back to her work in quite a flutter of delight at the thought of being so kindly remembered, and Mr. Kennedy made his way straight to the railway station, and took the train for Warwick.

"I'll fathom it out," he said to himself. "I wonder where the blunder or the crime lies; there's either one or the other in it. If that blue-eyed niece of the squire's doesn't suspect something, I'm a Dutchman. She doesn't like her dear Uncle Ralph; I read it in her eyes. I wonder what the old lawyer can tell me. Ord—Ord—the name is quite familiar to me. I've heard it from Ralph a hundred times."

He found the lawyer's house without any difficulty, and sending in his card, with the additional message that he came from Australia, and was a friend of Mr. Gaveston, he was at once admitted.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT BEFEL MRS. DALE.

Leaving the fortunes of Ralph Gaveston and his family, and the cares and terrors of Limping Jack, we will for the present, with the reader's permission, follow the track of Mary Dale, and dwell for a little on the vicissitudes of her career. She thought, poor troubled soul, when she arrived at Newton Bridge, after doubling on her pursuers at Carlisle, that she had at length found a place sufficiently remote and quiet for her to live in peace; and when Jack chanced upon it in his wanderings she had settled down into as much peace and calm of mind as she could hope to enjoy. She had a few valuable trinkets about her on the fatal night when her interview with the Squire of Gaveston had so wrecked her peace of mind, and a few pounds in her portemonnaie, and she had husbanded these resources, so that when she met him in the dark archway she had still enough to take her far away out of his reach or ken. To go away—anywhere—so that she did not meet him again, was her only object now, and she returned to her lodging and put together her few effects in feverish haste and wild terror, lest he should pursue her and force her to show herself again. Nothing was further from his intention than such a course of proceeding; so that she kept out of his way and did not molest him, the further away she kept the better he would be pleased. The very first train that left the station bore her away, and in Manchester she only stayed time enough to change carriages, and then went off by the first express for Glasgow. All places were alike to her, and she thought in that great city she could lose herself and be able to get a living in some honest way. Her brain was whirling strangely, and the various objects they passed seemed to assume weird, hideous forms, as the train whirled by. She had tasted nothing before she started, in her excitement, and exhaustion was beginning to tell sadly upon her as the busy city drew near.

"I must not be ill," she said to herself, as she staggered from the carriage and gathered up her few possessions.

The place seemed to whirl round with her, and she asked some one standing by the way to the refreshment room.

"I've had nothing all day, and I feel faint," she said, for the man was staring at her.

"Faint!" he said, "you look like it. The refreshment room is on the other side. I'm just going there; let me help you. Come along."

Glad of the assistance, she went, and was soon revived by a glass of wine and something to eat, for her faintness was from sheer inanition.

She was standing before the counter, purse in hand, paying for what she had taken, when she happened to turn her head towards the platform, attracted by some slight noise, and there, in one of a long line of carriages, on the point of starting for Edinburgh, and staring, as it seemed straight at her, sat her husband, George Dale!

He looked thin and careworn, like one long deprived of rest and peace; and the sad eyes seemed to gaze upon her with pitying reproach. It was too much for her weakened nerves, and with a piercing cry, half terror, half agony, she sunk in a senseless heap upon the floor. Kind hands raised her, and pitying faces bent over her, as they laid her on a couch and strove to restore her, and the train moved slowly out of the station, bearing away the sorrowing husband, who would have given half his fortune for the knowledge that she was so near him. It was in very deed George Dale who sat there; some fancied clue to his lost darling had drawn him to Glasgow, only to endure the agony of finding he was mistaken, and to retrace his steps to Edinburgh, with his heart sinking lower than ever at the fresh disappointment. He saw the commotion in the refreshment room, but not the person who caused it, and watched the bustle in a dreaming sort of way—without any interest.

"What is the matter?" asked the gentleman sitting by him of one opposite. "There's a row in there."

"I'm trying to make out," he replied. "It's some one either drunk or in a fit. Ah, I thought so. It is a drunken woman; there's the policeman going in."

And the train started, George Dale little dreaming who the supposed drunken woman was, and the poor wife woke to consciousness of the strange faces around her, and feebly strove to rise. The waiters at the refreshment stalls, part of speech and flippant of manner as they usually were, felt sorry for her, and kindly aided her to arrange her bonnet, and begged her to sit a little longer.

"And you won't be wanted," one of them said, sharply, to the policeman whom the travelers had seen approaching, and who was standing at the door. "The sight of you will only frighten her; go away."

"There's no call to be frightened of me, if she's done nothing," replied the man, somewhat surlily. He had been induced to come in from the outside by the wild assertion of a precocious young gentleman, who had been promptly cuffed out of the way by some of the bystanders, and who thereupon had informed the preserver of the public peace that "there was a drunken woman inside, and such a jolly row," and sent him in, anticipating business.

His anger was great on being asked what he wanted, and he revenged himself by dashing daggers at all the little boys he could see, and wishing majestically at the door till the cause of all the confusion came to light again.

"I'm not wanted," he said to himself. "No, I dare say, she mayn't be drunk, but if she aint mad, or near it, I don't know what's what; that's all."

He walked away considerably aggrieved, and gave himself no small amount of credit the next morning when a poor babbling, apparently crazy creature, who had been brought into the police office over night, turned out to be the same who had caused the excitement at the station. She rose up and thanked the girls for their kindness, and for what she had, and went away, feeling strangely helpless and incapable of controlling her thoughts. Everything seemed to mix and whirl in her mind in inexplicable confusion, which she vainly strove to disentangle. One or two questions she asked before she left, which puzzled the girls not a little; but they could make nothing of them, though the answers seemed to afford her some relief or satisfaction.

"Was that train that was standing here when I came in, going out or coming in?"

"Going away; this is the departure platform, you know."

"Oh, yes, I remember. I came in on the other side; and no one got out of it after?"

"Oh, no, it was just starting; the carriages were all locked."

"Ah! perhaps he didn't see me," she said, much to the girl's bewilderment; and then, thanking them, she went away. Not far away, only to wander about in a purposeless fashion for an hour or two, and then to sit down in hopeless exhaustion in the corner of a dark stair.

She knew that she wanted a lodging—that till she got one she was homeless and shelterless; and once or twice she paused in her restless walk to make inquiries, but even as she did so the purpose seemed to die out of her mind, and leave nothing there but vague, horrible blankness, which she could not shake off. Her brain was giving way with all she had undergone, and the state of semi-insanity from which George Dale had once rescued her was coming back apace; and when she sat down, thoroughly tired out, it was with the feeling that black despair engendered, that it did not signify what became of her. Her husband must go on his way, and the traffic in the streets died away, and the hum of the great city grew still before she was disturbed. Then a policeman turned his lantern upon the dark passage, and saw her sitting there, silent and unmoved. He thought she was asleep, or drunk, and shook her by the shoulders, but there was no response.

"Come, move on out of that," he said, "you must not stay here, you know."

He did not speak unkindly, only gruffly, as became his dignity, and she lifted her head and looked at him with such hark-broken eyes and such a woe-begone face that he started involuntarily.

"She's not drunk," he said to himself, "nor a bad one either, by her face. She's got into some mischief, I doubt. Here, mistress, get up and come out of that; you must move on, you know."

"Where to?" she asked; "but there, it don't matter—it don't matter."

There was something so wild and peculiar in her manner, as she rose and stood still before him, that he was loath to let her go out into the darkness alone, and yet knew not what to do with her. She had committed no crime that he knew of, and she did not refuse to move on when she was bid, so he could hardly take her up. Luckily, the sergeant came up while he stood there and to him he confided his difficulty.

"Oh, take her to the station," he said; "they will make something of her there, may be. I think she's mad."

Nothing could be made of her there, however. She was as clearly distraught as ever lunatic was, and she was consigned to the female searcher; to be kept in safety till the morning. The woman reported that she could not find out who or what she was; that through the night she had talked a great deal, mixing up many names of persons and places, but saying nothing that could give any clue to her identity. There was no mark on any of her clothes and none of the articles in her bag, or in her pocket, told anything. This much they discovered and no more—that she had come in by the train in the evening; and she was handed over to the parish authorities till her friends could be found, the money which was in her purse remaining at the police office till further particulars could be ascertained about her. An advertisement was sent to the Manchester papers, describing her, but as none found that she came from thence, and meantime, she remained at the workhouse, very ill in body, and still all in darkness in her poor, harassed mind. The authorities made a mistake in their proceedings; they looked upon and described her as an escaped lunatic, deeming her some poor demented creature, who had given her friends the slip and wandered away from her care takers. The Glasgow papers had the paragraph also, and George Dale read it in Edinburgh, but it said nothing to him; the dress described was not one his wife ever wore, and the account of the personal appearance of the poor lady might have done for hundreds. But it spoke to two other people who read it, and these were Limping Jack and the sharp Detective Hawkes. The former of these read it at Manchester, where he had remained, deeming himself safer from his enemy in a large, densely populated town than anywhere else; and it flashed upon him at once who this poor waif of the streets might be.

"It don't much matter where I go," he ruminated, as he read; "Glasgow's just as good as any other place, if it isn't her; and it it is, and they'll give her up to me, I'll spend every farthing I have in taking care of her—good care, too, till Mr. Gaveston's wedding day, and then let him look to himself, for, by the Lord, I'll have my revenge!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRICKING A TRICKSTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

The practical joker is an animal of a species peculiar and distinct. Everybody courts his society and admires his wit, until it comes his own turn, when he joins with other victims in reviling him and shunning his company. The worst of the practical joker—not only for himself but for others—is that you never know where to place him, and he may be ever so much in earnest, but can find nobody to believe him—not a soul. He feels keenly the force of his own infirmity, but is unable to break away from it, and perseveres—incited thereto by a malicious demon—until he becomes in turn the victim, being unable, as his friends say, to trick himself. There will be many who will recall to mind that sad fellow, Tony Gayton, although the name may not exactly occur to them, who was at one time the life of the clubs and the animating spirit at all the convivial *coteries*, and who, strange to say, although he let fly his shafts in the most reckless manner without regard to friend or foe, was considered an indispensable adjunct at a social gathering, where he was placed upon a free footing for the sake of his wit, just as the "king's jester" used formerly to be, only that the royal functionary was paid a salary, while our jester lived upon borrowed capital—namely, his wits. For some years Tony carried matters with a high hand, coming off from every disputed field a conqueror. He had everything his own way, until his jokes took so practical a turn that a word dropped by him with regard to a race or a match of any kind was sure to result in pecuniary losses, when, conceiving that this thing had been carried too far, his comrades concocted a conspiracy for revenge. Their club room was the resort of all the roysterers of that part of the town, and a public demonstration of some kind having occurred which required a celebration, the hall was filled by invitation with a merry party of *bon vivants*, for whom, as usual, Tony was expected to furnish the principal fun. Constantly plied with the best of wines, our jester was in a high state of exhilaration, and louder grew the laughter and more boisterous the excitement as the hours wore on, each fresh discomfiture of a rival wit only adding to Tony's laurels. He had heard intimations of the intended combination against him, and the fact only served to put fresh spurs to his mettle and render him more outrageous than ever in his sallies. Personal disagreements were not unusual accompaniments of these wit encounters, and this was no exception. Before the night wore away Tony had, as usual, offended half the room, but even drinking has its limit; some of the party, after indulging in the *cup* and creating a din sufficient to wake the dead, had withdrawn in a shaky condition; others had deposited themselves on the sofas, while others again helplessly sought the floor. Whether it was the effect of his liquor, or some drug that had been slyly infused in his bowl, Tony fell fast asleep and soon was snoring. He awoke in a cheerless room, surrounded by the *debris* of last night's feast, the general appearance of things indicating a scrimmage. He sat upright and found his friend Harry Ketcham sitting over him with an anxious expression of countenance suggestive of evil. "Hish!" whispered Harry, sharply, with his finger to his mouth. "Where are we? What has happened?" asked Tony, slowly awaking, and feeling that there was a headache somewhere in the room. "An awful transaction," rejoined Harry. "You remember we dined last night with the Skylarks of Harsimus." "I know—invited guests; then what?" said Tony. "Some foolish joke of yours excited young Hawthorne, who belongs to them. One word led to another—he seized a knife and sprang for you—you grappled, and I, Jack Dean," said Harry, pointing to the corner of the room and finishing. Tony glanced in that direction and saw, to his horror, lying there, a corpse. "You *did for him*," said Harry with a shudder, "but he brought it upon himself. I have been waiting for an hour, trying to rouse you. The officers will be here directly. You have no time to lose. You must fly." "Where?" asked Tony, half frightened out of his wits. "To Hoboken, to Long Island, to any place out of immediate scrutiny." It did not need much to set Tony in motion, he muffled himself in his wrapper, exchanged hats with his friend, and precipitately rushed out of the house to ferry. Within the shades of the classic retreat Tony remained for days closely secluded, and it was not until he found that the printed "reward" which his friends had shown him was a hoax, and that the corpse was only a "stiff," procured by a bribe of the janitor from the adjoining hospital, that Tony allowed himself to be persuaded to venture forth. He avoided his old haunts, however, and has altogether foresworn, it is understood, the habit of practical joking.

ADVANTAGE of CRYING.—A French Physician publishes a long dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a howl boohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

HARD TO PLEASE.—Many beautiful women, when walking in the streets, seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 32.—Columbia College.

One of the main virtues of our forefathers was a supreme detestation of ignorance and a sincere desire that their offspring might enjoy the advantages of a thoroughly good education. To this end they devoted a goodly share of their worldly wealth to bestow upon their children a substantial elementary training, and upon one of their sons a classical course by the way of a polish, after which he was expected to emerge from the college and make his mark in the world. Consequently the highest honor a parent could in those utilitarian days, secure for his son, be he even drawn from the middle classes of society, was that of being able to "pass through college." And most gratefully did the youth appreciate the sacrifices the parent was oftentimes compelled to make to maintain an estate protracted beyond those years ordinarily dedicated to a trade apprenticeship. In a properly regulated college the origin of a student is ever retained in mystery, and the grossest insult which can be offered a collegian of worth is allusion to his parents' condition in life, and one which fails not to be resented by the the associates of him in this wise annoyed. The collegian of my college lifetime conceived himself a man from the moment he signed the matriculation book or donned his scholastic gown.

The people of New York always regarded Columbia College with especial pride, as an institution reflecting particular credit on the intelligence of our community, managed as it had been by the worthiest and most learned of its graduates. Although encumbered, after the manner of the trans-Atlantic seminaries serving as its model, with a portion of the Episcopalian service, relic of the anti-revolutionary Church establishment, the management of the college was liberal in a religious point of view, and from its portals have issued many distinguished divines and professional men, whose sectarian sentiments were the very antipodes of those for whose particular benefit the college had been designed at its origin.

Originally styled King's College, in commemoration of the favor with which his Majesty of England treated the colonial commissioners, traversing, some century and a half ago, the waves of the Atlantic, to obtain royal countenance to their educational scheme, the building was erected upon a portion of the church lands, within the parish of Trinity. The college edifice consisted of a long range of massive stone buildings, neatly faced with freestone, the groundwork concealed behind a coating of stucco, of a yellowish drab color, imported expressly from Holland to adorn this temple of Minerva. The centre of the edifice sustained a handsome dome, on the crest of which had been formerly placed a colossal brazen crown, cast down by the students in the course of the revolutionary struggle, when the words and example of Alexander Hamilton fired the heart of his youthful colleague with patriotic fervor. After being dragged around the streets, the emblem of royalty was cast aside contemptuously, but was rescued from oblivion many years after, to take its place among the other curiosities of the college, of which, during my undergraduate years, we had a commendable quantity, although of a decidedly apocryphal original.

Located in the midst of a pleasant green, at the foot of Park place, then lined with an avenue of trees, planted in front of residences of the upper ten of the city gentry, the college buildings were decidedly ornamental, while the green itself, containing half a score of venerable and majestic trees, whose foliage overtowered the adjacent roofs, presented an oasis in the desert of brick and mortar, by civic eyes most lovely to behold. But, gradually, as the growth of aristocratic residences demanded the creation of new streets in that quarter, the proportions of the fair green became shorn, until finally it has been entirely obliterated, and the college with it, to make room for those stately mansions of commerce—palaces of the modern Venice.

On Saturdays, when, after the services in the chapel were completed, we were dismissed to enjoy our weekly half holiday, I remember how we grouped beneath the shade of one of these ancient trees and patiently awaited the apparition of one we had charged with a half forbidden mission. Suddenly a cry of pleasure would arise, as from one of the upper windows would descend a huge ball, securely protected against casual accident by a coating of leather. Before its rebound had terminated, some agile foot sent it flying on its course, only to be propelled with great violence and velocity. This foot ball game was our great amusement, and oftentimes carried away by excitement, we would continue the chase the entire length of Park place, across Broadway into the City Hall Park. Once or twice these expeditions cost us a penalty, when, by some unforeseen misplay, the ball descended in too close proximity to one of those dronish policemen charged with the custody of the grass and of the peace or the Park. The instrument of our entertainment would invariably be confiscated, and possibly the terrors of the City Hall basement were held before us as a warning against future transgressions of a like nature.

Commencement days were days of universal jubilee with the people of that part of the town, for if they could not do better they could witness the procession of literary magnates as it emerged from the green, headed by Dugan, the janitor, who, with the lachrymose dignity appropriate to the occasion. After this humble but important functionary, generally habited in a new suit of black garments, his perquisites from the graduating class, would come the great man of the institution, the President, irrevalently compressed into Prex, in my time a portly, dignified man, a retired judge, wearing knee breeches and a cocked hat, over whom a footman held a silk gown, elaborate in direction with velvet stripes, his head crowned with a regulation Oxonian cap, frontless and with a square flat top of awful dimensions, giving his caput the appearance of that of a Polish lancer in funeral attire. Then came the members of the faculty, equally austere and dignified individuals, with gowns of rustling silk, of the jetiest of jet black. After these luminaries marched the invited guests, men of note, described upon the printed programmes as the Mayor and Common Council, the reverend the clergy, the honorable the judiciary, and members of the bar, the gentlemen of the press and eminent alumni, all of which orders were in the greatest confusion, marched according to the long established table of college precedence, ordinarily simmered down to half a dozen grave individuals, looking like parsons in disguise, and a handful of briefless attornies, freshly admitted to the bar, who habitually attend commencements for the purpose of flirtation with the scores of young misses who feel a deep interest in the budding genius of newly fledged graduates. Next came that which was considered by the community at large the most interesting feature of the procession, the drove of undergraduates, varying in height from an average of a dozen to a mere pigmy, swelling like a bundle of rubbish in the regulation gown. And at the tail of the whole followed the awkward squad of neophites—the freshmen of the coming year, who on the morrow were to test their powers of endurance in doing nothing for four mortal hours, as a species of preuminary to the vigorous prosecution of studies which in nine instances out of ten produce a like result.

In my time the theatre of commencement exercise was invariably St. John's chapel, and thither did the procession wend its way by a circuitous route, mainly to avoid going

manager, whose intimacy with the show business came to the assistance of the struggling publisher, for the same genius which created the "shi physician, whose sands of life, &c.," laid the foundation for the *New York Ledger's* prodigious popularity.

Fanny Fern had created for herself a tolerable reputation from her newspaper contributions, and consequently the lady was adopted as the ground work for a gigantic advertising scheme, whereby her fortune and that of Bonner was ingeniously secured. The publisher of the *Ledger*, then in comparative obscurity, announced that he had purchased a story by Fanny Fern, giving her the enormous price of one hundred dollars per column. The idea proved a palpable hit, inasmuch as curiosity was awakened to peruse so costly a production, and people, who had never heard of the *Ledger* or of Fanny Fern, rushed promiscuously to the news shops to procure this specimen of over-paid literature, which had grown to be the sensation of the hour, and from this simple incident arose the balloon-like flight of a popular paper. It was assuredly a Barnumish like policy, but as ordinary people ever indulge in a morbad appreciation of the extravagant, few readers would remain content without perusing a bit of literature which had placed its authors in the most successful position of living writers. But Bonner was too sharp to pin his faith to even the reputation of the illustrious Fanny, for he followed up the sensation, as it temporarily flagged, with equal, if not superior, extravagances, so that he found himself almost instantly a millionaire, whose only care now appears to be the maintenance of expensive horseflesh.

In direct opposition to the *Merchants' Ledger* had been established the *Mercantile Guide*, a paper of similar size and with a like object, dwelling with it a fair share of advertising patronage. It was edited by Mr. William E. Blakeney, who, if he was not a superior writer personally, contrived to secure the services of good solid contributors, in this wise rendering his paper that which it aimed to be, a reliable commercial newspaper. Following the example of the *Ledger*, Mr. Blakeney attempted to popularize his enterprise by bestowing upon it a stronger literary tone and appending to its title the addition of *Family Journal*. But alas, he failed to discover some brilliant authoress of the Fanny Fern order, or doubted the expediency of paying extravagantly for the purchase of a name, so while the *Ledger*, wholly changed in its form and character, darted with astounding velocity over the heads of its contemporaries, the *Mercantile Guide* went plodding along on the even tenor of its way until its editor became smitten with the Know Nothing mania. Having purchased the *True American*, he merged his paper with this influential political sheet, and thereby assumed a prominent position among the native organizations. This political movement proved fatal to the editor's interests, for when the revulsion of sentiment set in against the American pretensions, which died out even more rapidly than they had come into existence, the unpopularity of prior excitement swept away its more ardent advocates, newspapers and all. But Blakeney was a man of the world and a practical philosopher, so upon the untoward termination of his editorial career he entered upon the study of dentistry, became a legitimate member of the surgical profession, whence, after a few years of arduous labor at tooth drawing, and other dental occupations, he has been enabled to retire upon a handsome competency, compensating him for all the trials of an unsuccessful editorial existence.

To compete with the successful *Ledger*, the proprietors of the *Sunday Mercury* sent forth the *New York Mercury*, a handsome specimen of typography, relying upon Dr. J. H. Robinson and Ned Buntline, with other romance writers of that school, to force their enterprise into a country circulation, without which it would be impossible to sustain its existence. They went further, and engaged the services of F. O. C. Darley, recognized as the most eminent of American designers, to illustrate, at a heavy salary, the productions of these popular writers. For a time the experiment appeared most promising, but as advertising was excluded from the columns of a literary gazette and the competition of news agents reduced its actual selling price to a non-paying figure, the *Mercury* people, whose Sunday edition had exceeded their most earnest expectations, withdrew an iron from the fire which threatened to consume the profis of their more reliable undertaking.

Another literary journal, the *Irving Magazine*, designed to dispute the field with the *Ledger*, emanated from the office of the *Sunday Courier*. In form and typographic appearance the new candidate for favor was modeled after the style of the *Waverly Magazine*, a Boston publication of many years' standing, and mainly composed of gratuitous contributions from the "obscure great," whose ambition had been to see their names in type. Indeed, it was mainly to this passion of boarding school girls and sophomoric young men in seeking to create a feasible reputation by voluntary exercise of the pen that the *Waverly* not only sustained itself, but became a fireside indispensable for the eyes of parents and of lovers who infinitely delight in seeing the efforts of their beloved ones duly appreciated in the luxury of fair faced type. The *Irving*, however, took a different tack, aspiring to reproduce works of standard merit, to elevate the general taste and to furnish the family circle with a volume of unexceptional reading, and consequently it realized the fate of numerous other predecessors who appeared to forget that while readers are plenteous, few men among them indulge in aught save the highest species of light literature, devoid of a sensational basis.

A class of so called literary papers, notably the *Golden Prize* and the *Red, White and Blue*, sprung into very large circulations from having been used as the media of gift enterprises, each subscriber having been promised some sort of a prize, the catalogue of which embraced everything, from a brown stone front to a penny whistle. These gift enterprises were introduced by a genius named Perham, who pretended to distribute houses, horses and all sorts of property among dollar ticket holders. To avoid the law against lotteries he issued a mammoth monthly—the *Wide, Wide World*—an idea subsequently followed up by some jewelers, whose stock in trade was mainly of the sort known as Rhode Island jewelry, which, although retailed at dog cheap prices, was actually dear at fifty cents the bushel, good measure.

As it has been rationally observed, fools never die, the credulity of the good folks in the country tolerated not one alone of these impositions, but half a dozen successively, until the action of the city authorities effectually crushed out this species of clandestine journalism. The *Golden Prize* was, undeniably, a fair newspaper; still the distribution of its prizes was but a fraudulent pretence, the only gifts ever reaching the subscribers being samples of pinchbeck, which glittered and yet was not gold. At the time of the suppression of the *Red, White and Blue*, nominally published in Philadelphia, but actually printed in New York, the receipts through the mail exceeded five hundred dollars daily, and even these enterprises could not be said to be fairly under weigh. Happily, however, our country cousins have grown shrewder and wiser, or the vigilance of our law officers strangely increased, inasmuch as an effort to revive the system of newspaper presentations, of a recent date, met with so little encouragement that, although its projector acted in apparent good faith, it entirely failed to cover the expenses incurred in its necessary management.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHN DREW.

This once popular Irish comedian was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 3d, 1827. At six years of age he came to this country with his parents and settled in Buffalo, N. Y. Having a strong desire to follow the sea for a living, he was apprenticed to a whaler, and sailed from New Bedford, Mass., on a three years' cruise, but becoming tired of this business he sailed from New Orleans on a Liverpool packet. He finally concluded to adopt the stage as a profession and made his *debut* at Richmond Hill Theatre, this city, where he received a small salary. He next visited Rochester, where he became a good low comedian. His first appearance in this city was in 1845, at the Bowery, under Black Jackson's management, as Dr. O'Toole. In 1850 he met Mrs. Mossop, formerly Mrs. Hunt, to whom he was married July 27th, in Albany, and they traveled together, playing an engagement at Niblo's, in this city, and opening in Philadelphia August 28th, 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Trapanti, in "She Would and She Would Not." On August 20, 1853, in conjunction with William Wheatley, he became lessee of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he soon established himself as one of the greatest favorites ever seen in that city, remaining there until the close of the season of 1854-5, when he withdrew and shortly after went to Ireland. Returned to the States and traveled throughout the country successfully as a star, accompanied as business manager by Joe Murphy, at present filling the same position at the Arch, Philadelphia. On December 6th, 1858, he sailed for San Francisco, where he fulfilled a brilliant engagement, and left for Australia, March 12, 1859. Setting sail from that country, he arrived in Liverpool, Eng., in Oct., 1860, after a passage of one hundred and five days. He was under engagement to open at the Adelphi, London, but the length of his voyage prevented it, and he opened, Oct. 22d, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Returned to America, Jan. 9th, 1862, and commenced an engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on Jan. 13th, in the "Irish Ambassador" and "Irish Tutor," to an immense house. This engagement lasted for one hundred and one nights, his last appearance on any stage being May 9th. The following week he visited New York to see his friends prior to his intended departure for England. Returning to Philadelphia, he expired at his residence May 21st, 1862, caused by congestion of the brain, superinduced by a fall which he met with on the previous day, striking his head forcibly against the wall. The funeral took place on the 24th, and the occasion drew together an immense concourse of people. In fact, so great was the rush of people, principally females, that for some time before starting the funeral, those managing it were compelled to place policemen at the door to enable all who were not personal friends of the family. The remains were placed in the lot belonging to the Actors' Order of Friendship in Glenwood Cemetery. In appearance Mr. Drew was rather short in stature, slender in proportion, and very plain and unpretending in his manner and dress, easy to approach, and always a pleasant word and an agreeable smile for every one. He was a generous, high toned man, and had the personal respect of all who knew him. As an actor he held a proud position, for in versatility he exceeded all we have ever seen in Irish characters. Great as was Tyrone Power therein, he did not possess the great versatility of Mr. Drew, and he outranked him in every respect. The generality of the delineators of Irish characters burlesque the peculiarities of the nation. Powers came very near a truthful representative, and yet occasionally he took advantage of his position to color his pictures a little too high for nature. Drew's impersonation of O'Bryan, in the "Irish Emigrant," was never equalled on the American stage in his day nor since. It was a perfect gem of the art histrionic; so natural, life-like, and characteristic, that from the beginning to the end, the illusion ceased to be one. His singing of the Lament will never be forgotten by us, for of all the representatives we have since seen of this character, we have heard no one equal him in pathos and general effect. It was a treat indeed to hear him sing it, and he was always encored from two to three times, at the same time drawing tears by simple pathos and sincere feeling. His Handy Andy was another excellent performance, for it was a type of ignorant good nature, so astoundingly stupid as to cause the most extraordinary laughter. His Gerald Pepper was a capital specimen of a well educated, good hearted, gallant Irish gentleman. His Sir Patrick O'Plenipo was the essence of gentility and good breeding. In fact, he acted nothing poorly, for as a general comedian he was at the head of his profession, and in Irish characters the American stage has never seen his superior.

DAVID GARRICK'S PARENTAGE.—This future Roscius was not altogether an Englishman. His grandfather, the founder of the family, so far as England was concerned, was originally De la Garrigue, a Huguenot, of Bordeaux, forced to fly from France in 1685 to escape the storm then sweeping over the Reformed Church. Madame de la Garrigue, or Garric, following some months later, hid in the hold of a fourteen ton skiff, belonging to one Peter Cook, of Guernsey. In that piteous plight she remained a month, tossed about in heavy gales and fearful tempests, in peril of her life by shipwreck on the one hand, or by ecclesiastical zeal on the other should she fall into the hands of the authorities. It was not until a year and a half after their own flight that they received their little son Peter, the future lieutenant of dragoons, and our David's father; the persecution of the moment attending even to babes and sucklings, on the principle of crushing the eggs of the cockatrice betimes. In fullness of time Peter made a love match; about as imprudent as love matches generally are. He married Arabella, the daughter of a certain Reverend Mr. Clough, vicar choral of Lichfield, and herself the daughter of an Irish mother; and thus in little David's veins were mingled the three streams of French, Irish and English blood, affording good tracking ground to the ethnologist, and first rate elements for dramatic talents and steady success.

HARD MONEY IN NEVADA.—"Parties from there can say as a fact, that in the towns in that region lumps of silver ore are used as a circulating medium, and are found to answer very well in the absence of a sufficiency of coin. Even at the gaming tables ore goes. The kind of ore used is the pure chloride, which is so rich as to be quite malleable. A miner with a sack of this kind of currency under his arm marches up to the faro table, takes out a chunk and plants it upon a card, calling its value as he puts it down. For instance, the chunk is supposed to be worth five dollars:—the miner as he puts down his lump says:—'Five dollars.' The faro man picks up the piece, looks at it, and, if satisfied, says:—'Five dollars goes;' then wins the lump and throws it into a gunny sack standing behind him."

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

How much does a fool weigh, generally? A simple-ton.

WHAT part of a ship is good for youngsters? The spanker.

WHY is a woman who has lost her lover like a whale? Because she is a se-creter of great sighs (size).

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks and the other false keys.

WHY is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

WHEN a woodman begins to work what does he say? He axes the tree to get a supply of timber.

WHY are eyes like persons separated by distant climes? Because they correspond, but never meet.

WHY?—Why is a lovely creature practicing archery typical of love? Because she draws her bow (beau) toward her.

How long does a widow mourn for her husband? She mourns for a second.

BREVETIES.

THE "POOR IN SPIRIT"—Bankrupt publicans.

THE BEST SHARES OF ANY—Ploughshares.

A STATIONARY FORCE—The police.

AN INHUMAN ACT—Pulling down the blind.

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS"—Wax candles.

THE PLANET FAVORABLE TO RITUALISTS—Vesta.

A FAMILY LIKENESS—Not, as a rule, a family picture.

BENEATH ONE'S NOTICE—Advertisements on the pavement.

THE Maid of Orleans was probably d'Arc complected.

THE man who saw a rope walk has also seen a saw set.

A GIRL that has lost her beau may as well hang up her fiddle.

AN IRRITATING INTERROGATORY—A vexed question.

A VOLUME of water cannot be called dry reading.

CAUS-TIC REMARKS—Those designed to insure credit.

THERE is no man so deep but that he has a shallow place.

MISFORTUNE'S a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

WHEN a woman makes you a pair of slippers, you have put your foot in it.

BEWARE of a literary wife. A bluestocking, who curls her hair with her sonnets, may forget to mend your stockings.

IF a man waits patiently while a woman is "putting her things on," or "shopping," he will make a good husband.

SHORT CUTS—A man who has tried it says, that all the short cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

THE TRANCE THAT INDIGNANT PARENTS FREQUENTLY FALL IN—Remonstrance.

A CURIOUS ANOMALY.—That a man with no uncles may yet have ten-ants.

THE APARTMENTS WELL LIKED BY THEATRICAL MANAGERS—"Standing room only."

HYPERION TO A SATYR.—The jug-jug of the nightingale vs. the can-can of the music halls.

THE man who stood in his own light is said to be a tallow chandler.

THERE is no doubt that tongue-tied ebbs and flows if the tongue be a woman's.

YE who would marry on small means, remember ye cannot exist on love—at least beyond the honeymoon.

SHE that marries a man because he is "a good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a Lucifer.

NEVER invite any one to tea "quite in a friendly way," because the just inference is that sometimes you ask people in a hostile one.

A CLERGYMAN and a barber quarreling, the former said:—"You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave." "Then," said the barber, "you will bury me like a knave."

THERE are two sorts of people whose statements are to be taken with caution; lovers when they speak of the objects of their affections, and grandmammas when they praise their grandchildren.

MERRY MOMENTS.

"WOMAN, with all thy faults, I love thee *still*," was the reply of a husband to his scolding wife.

AN EDITOR, describing a church in Minnesota, says:—"No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

A YOUNG MAN who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCUSSION.—At a meeting of antiquaries the question was mooted as to the origin of wassail bowl. After a lengthy discussion they came to the conclusion that it was called so because there "was ale" in it.

AN AFFECTING SIGHT.—To behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of a parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands.

ORPHANS.—"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on earth?" "They are not—why do you ask?" "Because they have no mothers to whip them."

NODDING AND WINKING.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. Didn't like it, brother A? Why I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the speaker."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—"Sir," said the Hon. Mr. Poundesk, as he caught the speaker's eye, "Sir, I am opposed to woman's rights, for woman is a snare, and a delusion, and—" "Men are always getting caught by snares, and always hugging delusions," interpolated a rival member.

A STEPPING PROFESSION.—A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered, "I think you cannot do better than follow the *steps of your father*."

"YOU MUSICIANS ought to be happy fellows," said Jack Thompson, the other day, to a band-master. "Why?" said the leader. "Because you need never want for money, for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instruments to your lips, and—raise the wind."

SIGNS.—When you see a young man and woman walking down the street leaning against each other like a pair of badly-matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation.

A NEW ORLEANS jury declared a man had come to his death by "an unknown cart." About on a par with this is the Philadelphia verdict respecting a man who had been crushed to death in a mill, when the jury remarked: "No blame can be attached to the machinery."

NATURAL HISTORY.—"Now, you nigger, can you tell me what dey call de largest kind ob bat dat is eber seen in de air? "Cricket-bat!" "No, you stupid nigger, try again." "Brick-bat!" "Why, I neber see such an ignorant nigger—it's an acrobat, ob course."

AFFECTIONATE.—A new married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his "dear" that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the Cave of the Winds. She, of course, objected, but, finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his purse and watch behind.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOAST.—The fair daughters of Columbia: may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest christian deportment.

A LADY'S JOKE.—When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin money. One day a lady closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife

OVER SENSITIVE.—A member of a certain theological academy was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving his author. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus:—"Lord, we thank thee that we have been awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the Image of Death.'"

EACH TO HIS POST.—A good story is told with regard to a "datt" man and a somnolent congregation. Whenever any of his hearers began to "nod" the minister observed that "daft Jamie" aroused them somewhat sharply by shooting peas at them. Catching the eye of the delinquent at last, he shook his finger at him reprovingly, but "Jamie" responded, not a whit abashed, "Just gang on wi' your sermon, minister, and I'll keep the beggars waukin'."

HERE is Mark Twain's last contribution to the poetic literature of the world:—

They sat upon the front door mat,
When softly shone the moon,
And listened to the tunes that
Came from a beer saloon,

His manly arm did round her twine,
Their lips in kisses met;
And when he asked, "Will thou be mine?"
She said, "I will, you bet!"

WHIMSICAL ADVERTISEMENT.—Of all the whimsical advertisements that appear in the fair city of Paris, the most curious is that of a matrimonial agent who has lately opened business, and announced to the public that "*ugliness*" is no bar to his arranging marriages, and that every human being is formed for all the witching arts of love. For the future, "sigh no more, ladies." Apart from the number of marriages that are made in heaven, a goodly percentage of those taking place in Paris are negotiated by the hymeneal broker.

SOMETHING LIKE A "STRING."—A witness in an assault suit mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Jack came to him and struck him, he proceeded:—"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" "No, yer honor, hit Jack. And then I up wid a stun, and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over." "Threw a stone at Jack?" "At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again." "The dog?" "No, Jack. And wid that he run off." "Jack?" "No, the dog. And then he came back and got me down and punched me, yer honor." "The dog came back at you?" "No, Jack, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all." "Who isn't hurt?" "The dog, yer honor."

NOT ABOVE THE SNOW LINE.—A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the high peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side, expostulating with her fears. He spoke in honeymoon whispers; but the rarification of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line."

WHERE FRENCH GAME COMES FROM.—Not one-twentieth part of the game daily eaten in Paris is shot or snared in France. Wild boar, deer, hares and rabbits come chiefly from Germany. Wurtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden supply them. Baden is a very rich game country. Of an evening, from a railway carriage one may see scores of hares at supper in a single field. A good many pheasants and a vast number of partridges also come from Germany. Black game and grouse come from Russia and England; woodcocks, scarce in France, abound in Corsica, Sardinia and on the coasts of Southern Italy, where they are taken in great numbers by means of nets. Thrushes and small bir ds come mainly from the shores of Lakes Maggiore and Garda, where the Lombard peasants destroy them by countless swarms. The lark also comes from the Subalpine country, but to a still greater extent from the Departments of the Lot, Lot-et-Garonne and the Loiret, where their capture by nets is authorized. Water fowl, geese, ducks, teal, snipe, widgeon, &c., are brought from Holland for the greater part, but also from the coasts of Brittany, from the Somme, the Bay of Arcachon, and the vast marshes which constitute the chief wealth of the district of Burgundy, formerly known as the Dombes. During several days recently a considerable quantity of Corsican black birds has appeared in the Paris markets.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

R. H., Philadelphia.—The revised problem is still amenable to a second solution, we believe. 1. . Q to K B 2d, and if Black can outlive two more *coups* we should be pleased to have it pointed out.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—After reaching the 50th solution of a problem you were quite justified in failing asleep; but did not the ghost of the abused thing haunt your dreams? Don't "grand easy" about "lengthy;" take all the space you need to work this "lead" to exhaustion. 2d instalment of "*Critique*" received.

WM. H. LYONS.—Both letters to hand, thank you; solutions correct.

GEO. GROVES.—The critics find quite a number of solutions to Prob. No. 648.

E. H. C.—We are already in receipt of solutions and marked commendations of your "First Lessons." One says, among other things:—"The positions are deep enough to require a certain amount of study, and yet not so complicated as to weary and perplex beginners. They have afforded me pleasure and study."

CHAS. PORTER.—You are quite correct.

PROBLEM GOURMANDS.—We flatter ourselves we have treated you to a "right smart chance" of pleasure in your line, of late; and that our present issue is not behind the best. We should be glad to know who can render a complete analysis of all the elaborate variations of this week's prob., and what time the study costs. Of this Enig. W. J. A. F. wrote us:—"Nothing could be finer than this problem, whether to the novice or proficient, to show the range and power of the minor pieces, comparatively so little understood; especially with the adverse King on the middle of the board, as here. I confess that I appreciate these pieces more than I did before studying this problem."

CHESS TOURNAMENT.—The Chess players of New York and vicinity are to hold a grand Tourney at the *Cafe Europa*, 14 and 15 Division street, commencing about the 1st of Dec., '68. Three prizes are to be contended for by many of the best players in the city, including Capt. Mackenzie. May we not look to our correspondent, James Mason, and some of our playing friends, for the record of some of the good games that are sure to ensue?

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. II.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER

IN this attempt to collect into one body, from every available source, the *errata* of Healey's "Collection of Problems," I have begun at the first problem, and noticed each one in its turn that seemed to call for remark. Where the discovery is not my own, I have given the source from whence it is derived.

FRONTISPIECE—"THE CHARM."

WHITE.—King at Q B 7; Queen at K R 8; Bishop at Q 8; Knight at K 3; Pawns at Q R 4 and K Kt 2d.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rooks at Q R 2, and Q B 4; Knight at K B sq; Pawns at Q R 4, Q B 6, Q 4, K Kt 2, and K R 2d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

This problem does not work like a "Charm" in an important variation. If, in the leader, Black play 2. . K to his 4th, White may reply by moving the Kt to K Kt 5, as well as to Q B 5th, the move given. The former involves its sacrifice, and is, therefore, prettier. The resemblance of "The Charm," both in position and design, to No. 241, *wats an trois coups*, of Alexandre's "Beauties," is very close. The former seems to have been "built back" from the latter, for the concluding move of Healey's solution are precisely the same as the moves of the solution of the older problem. It would seem that a fitting occasion is here offered for the use of the expression, "previous composers."

No. 241 of Alexandre's 3-moves, by "AMATEUR," runs as follows:—

WHITE.—King at Q Kt 2; Queen at her 3; Bishop at Q 8; Knight at Q 4; Pawn at Q Kt 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 4; Rooks at Q Kt 3, and K 6; Knight at K B 7; Pawn at Q B 3d.

White to play and give mate in three moves. Our critical readers can thus judge of the entire pertinence of our contributor's remarks.—ED.]

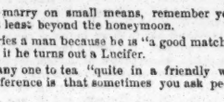
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION is about to hold its great semi-annual metropolitan Congress. A brilliant programme has been arranged, comprising a blindfold *seance*, the second contest for the All England Challenge Cup, now held by Mr. Cecil de Vere, and all the usual features.

Enigma No. 651.

From the Chess Player's Companion.

BY AN AMATEUR OF INDIA.



at Q Kt 5, Q 3, K B 8, K 2, Q 7th.

at Q 4th, at K 3d.

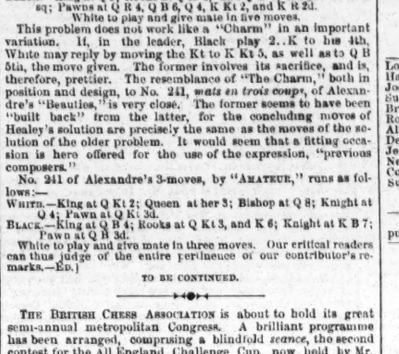
White to play and give mate with the Kt on K 2d in three moves; with the B on 8 8th in five; with the other Kt in six; and with the other B in eight. The above are the stipulations of the *Companion*, but W. J. A. Fuller, Esq., discovered a second solution to the second position, and a solution to the third in five moves—"a pair of discoveries," as he justly remarked to us, "worthy of notice in so standard and able a work."

Problem No. 651.

"Eureka."

BY A. Z. HUGGINS.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 651.

Another *partie* at the Aachener Schach-verein.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack. Herr Schallopp.	Defence. Dr. M. Lange.	Attack. Herr Schallopp.	Defence. Dr. M. Lange.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K to R sq (c)	K B to Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..R-K sq	Kt P × P
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..Q R × P	Q R × R
4..P-Q Kt 4	B-Q Kt 3 (a)	18..Q × Q R	K B × P (d)
5..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3	19..K B-Kt 5 (e)	K B × R
6..Castles	K Kt-K B 3	20..K B × Kt	P-h one
7..P-Q R 5	K B-R 2	21..Q-her R sq	K-R 5 (f)
8..P-Q 3	Castles	22..K Kt × P	K B-his 5
9..P-Q B 3	P-Q 4 (b)	23..K Kt-his 3	K-Q Kt 5
10..K P × P	K Kt × P	24..K B-K 4	Kt-Q B 7
11..Q-her Kt 3	Q B-K 3	25..Q-her R 4	K × Kt
12..P-Q Kt 5	R P × P	26..Q × K Kt	Q-her Kt sq
13..Q × Kt 2d P	Q-her 2	27..P-Q 4	K-Q R 8
14..P-Q R 6	K R-K sq	28..P-Q 5	Q B × P, and

the Defence wins; for, if Attack take B, 29..Q to her Kt 6th.

(a) This manner of evading the gambit leads to a much less animated game usually, than 4..P to Q 4th, but some authorities think it more secure.

(b) The Attack should have prevented this advance by Q B to Kt 5th on the last move.

(c) It is obvious that if P × P the Defence gains the exchange.

(d) Herr Schallopp does not come out of this *melee* with flying colors.

(e) His best move, perhaps, if:—

19..Kt × P | Kt × Kt | 20..K R × Kt | Q to her 3, etc.

(*f*) He might have played 21..Kt × P with advantage; for then if 22..Kt × B, Kt × Kt, etc.

Game in the Parisian International.—*Bell's Life.*

SALVIO GAMBIT.

Herr Kolisch.	Senor Golmayo.	Herr Kolisch.	Senor Golmayo.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2 (*i*)
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	23..Q B-K sq +	K-Q 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	24..K B-B 4	K Kt × Kt
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	25..Q B × Kt	K R-K sq
5..K Kt-K 5	Q-K 2	26..Q B × P	B × P
6..K-his B sq	Q Kt-R 3	27..K B-K 7	K-B sq
7..P-Q 4	P-K B 6	28..R-K 6 +	K-Q 2
8..P-K Kt 3	Q-R 6 + (*g*)	29..R-K 7 +	K-Q 3
9..K-his B sq	Q-Kt 7 +	30..Q B-B 4	Q B-Kt 3
10..K-his 3	P-Q 3	31..Q Kt-K 4 +	Q × Kt +
11..K B-owne	K Kt-B 4 +	32..K × Q B	P-Q sq
12..K P × Kt	K B-R 3 +	33..K-K 6 +	K-Q 2
13..K-his 2	P-Q 4 +	34..Q B × R	R × K B
14..K × Q P	P-Q R 3 +	35..R-K B 6	K-K Kt 5
15..K-his 4	Q × K R	36..B-Q R 5	R-Kt 5 +
16..Q B × B	Q × R P	37..K-his 5	P-K R 4
17..Kt × B P (*h*)	Q-Kt 7 +	38..R-B 7 +	K-owne
18..Q B 2d P	Q × Q +	39..K Kt P	K-his B sq
19..K × Q	B × B P	40..B-Kt 4 +	K-Kt sq
20..K Kt-B 6 +	K-his 2	41..R × R P	P-K R 5
21..Q-K Kt 7	K R-Q sq	42..R-his 5, and wins.	

(*g*) A bad move; the Q should have retreated to K 2d.

(*h*) Much better than Q B to B 4th on account of the rejoinder, P to K B 4th.

(*i*) To take P with R would cost the Rook.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 33.—Vol. XVI.

SINGLE CORNER.

Between Messrs. Patterson and Ready.

Black. Mr. P.		White. Mr. R.		Black. Mr. P.		White. Mr. R.	
1..	11 to 15	22	to 18	9..	9 to 13	18	to 9
3..	15	25	18	10..	5	14	18
5..	8	11	9	11..	1	5	9
6..	8	25	22	12..	5	14	10
5..	12	16	23	13..	10	19	27
6..	8	12	27	24	14..	11	15 (*c*)
7..	10	14 (*a*)	24	13	15..	6	11
8..	7	10	32	27	16..	12	19

White wins.

(*a*) 10 to 15 would have led to a draw. (*b*) Unkind. (*c*) Must.

Solution of Position No. 62.—Vol. XVI.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 6 to 13	24 to 6	3..14 to 17	21 to 14
2..22	18	4..18	27 and wins.

Position No. 64.—Vol. 16. Position No. 65.—Vol. 16

BY C. SPRAGUE. BY J. DU FORT.

BLACK. BLACK.

WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win. Black to move and win.

Welling's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, heartburn sour stomach, constipation, with flatulency, headache, languor and all weaknesses of the digestive organs; pleasant to the taste and convenient to carry. Sold by the druggists. 28-tf

BASE BALL.

CLUB AVERAGES.

LOWELL CLUB OF BOSTON.

The Lowell Club has played fifteen match games the past season, winning eleven and losing four. The games won were one each with the Athletic of Boston, Hollstone of Fitchburg, Yale of New Haven, Charter Oak of Hartford, Kearsarge of Stoneham, Wamsutta of New Bedford, Active of Quincy, Howard of North Bridgewater, and Tufts College of Medford, and two with the Harvard of Cambridge; those lost were one with Brown University of Providence, and three with Harvard. In these games they scored a total of 512 runs to 201 by their opponents, giving an average of 34 runs to a match and 2 over, and 3 runs to an innings and 110 over; the same averages for their opponents being respectively 19 and 6 over, and 2 and 27 over. Of the 132 innings played, there were 21 in which no runs were scored; the number of the same for their opponents being 41. In two matches no blank innings were scored; their opponents scoring one in every game. Their greatest number of blank innings in a match was 3; their opponents 5. The Lowells scored double figures in an innings 10 times in six games; their opponents twice in two games. Their greatest number of runs in an inn ngs was 23, in a game, 62, and their least in a game 15, the same figures for their opponents being respectively 12, 31 and 6. The Lowells made their first base on hits 418 times, and a total of 609 bases, giving an average of 27 times and 1 over, and 40 bases and 9 over; their opponents made their first base 225 times, and a total of 282 bases, giving an average of 15 times and none over, and 18 bases and 12 over. Ten innings were played in 1 game, nine in 12 games, and seven in 2 games. The longest time occupied by a game was 3.25 and the shortest 1.55, the average being 2.44.

The following are the averages of those who took part in six games and over, with other interesting data:—

Players.	Number matches.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Home runs.	Left on bases.	Average.	Base hits.	Average.	Total bases.	Average.	No. times scored.	Average.	No. times put out.	Average.	Most runs in a game.	Most outs in a game.
Lovett	13	25	1-92	71	5-46	5	5	1	0	4	9	8	1	0	4	9	8	1
Hawes	8	22	2-75	32	4-00	1	9	0	0	5	8	1	1	0	5	8	1	1
Joslin	11	31	2-82	42	3-82	0	5	1	0	5	7	1	0	0	5	7	1	1
Sumner	13	37	2-85	46	3-54	3	10	0	0	4	8	1	0	0	4	8	1	1
Bradbury	15	48	3-27	53	3-53	0	14	0	0	5	8	1	0	0	5	8	1	1
Rogers	11	32	2-91	47	4-27	0	5	0	0	4	8	1	0	0	4	8	1	1
Alline	13	39	3-00	48	3-69	2	13	0	0	5	7	1	0	0	5	7	1	1
Dennison	6	19	3-17	26	4-33	2	3	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	2	3	0	0
Jewell	15	48	3-20	51	3-40	1	12	0	0	5	7	1						
Newton	11	42	3-82	46	4-18	0	5	0	0	5	6	1						
Conant	7	25	3-57	18	2-57	0	7	0	0	4	6	1						

In the following analysis of batting it will readily be seen how and in what manner each player was put out:—

Players.	Fair fly.	Foul fly.	Foul bounds.	Stumps.	1st base.	2d base.	3d base.	Home runs.	Total.
Lovett	13	0	1	0	8	1	0	1	25
Hawes	2	1	5	0	9	2	0	1	22
Joslin	15	1	7	0	7	1	0	1	33
Sumner	11

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Harry Talbot, Albert Enos, W. Hilton,
Alf Burnell, C. H. Frank, Harry Gurr,
Prof. O. Reardon, I. N. Drew, C. S. Pierson,
Chas. Dumont, Jerry Cohen, G. W. Harrison,
Millens Bros., R. Wilmarth, Geo. K. Sands,
Stewart Craven, R. F. Cardella, Ed. Hughes,
W. A. Boswell, J. C. Pittman, Chas. Melville,
Jos. V. Nichols, Tommy Sully, Wm. Blair,
J. F. Sherry, Jerome Whitman, Daniel Carrigan,
Bidwell & Locke, Wm. A. Oughton, Prof. Nichols,
L. R. Benoni, S. Rinehart, T. T. Dougherty,
A. R. Phelps, G. Winthrop, T. G. Martin,
J. L. Stackhouse (2), E. C. Davenport, Sol Smith Russell,
R. Stanton, Francis Nola, Wm. Mack,
John Morton, James Collins (2), Ned Turner,
John Connor, J. P. Adams, P. O. Hudson,
Rollin Howard, A. J. Talbot, F. Buckingham,
Dan Morris, Geo. E. Peckham, A. B. Newcomb,
Gus. Mordmer, Billy Barry, Robert Johnson,
Geo. Vandenhoff, J. H. Mulligan, John Ernst,
Chas. Gleason, Sig. Francis, Jas. Robinson,
R. H. Dockrill, Cool Burgess, Henri Stuart,
Will Spaulding, H. H. Jefferson (2), M. V. Bates,
Andy McKee, Chas. Knowlton, J. Lew King,
Frank Benton, Albert Aymar, E. G. Rogers,
Fusi Yama Japs, C. W. Ridder, Wm. Stevens,
David Paulding, Harry J. Richmond, Chas. Parker,
Adam Miller, Jas. Whittony, Johnny Manning,
W. J. Jacobs, Chas. Melsom, A. B. Newcomb,
Robert Butler, T. E. Jackson, T. G. Roberts,
M. A. Reardon, Fred Hunt, M. Kanane,
Charley Reynolds, Carnes & Co., Tom Murphy,
Ed. Brink, John E. McDonough, Harry Macarthy,
A. Glassford, Kate Putnam, Sallie Western,
Pet Celeste, Ada Wray, Julia Melville,
Mary Scott, Jennie Howard, Carrie Duval,
Rosa St. Clair, Mazori Arnoldi, May Fiske,
Melinda Nagle, Ida Franklin, Mary Howell,
Gus Lamareux, Pauline Cushman (2) Fannie Melmer,
Matilda Heron, Mrs. Marsham, Mrs. M. W. Fiske,
Agnes Sutherland (2), Josie Booth, Mrs. J. C. Nelson,
Mrs. Howard Rogers, Mary Carter, Lizzie Ladbrange,
Nellie Florence, Annie Glover, Therese Berrie,
Lottie Langley, Annie Byron, Vic Howard,
Millie Martine, Jennie Waters, Dollie Ingersoll.

We have sheet music for Chas. Morris, L. E. Hicks, G. F. Sweet 2, G. Swaine Buckley, Fred. Abbott, Dan Sheehy, Frank Kent, John Queen, Eugena Florence, Mr. Tastene, Cool Burgess, Fanny Herring and Mrs. J. A. Oates.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, NOV. 23, '68.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, BY "OUR JIM."

IT IS much more easier for a man which dabbles in Erie to go through the eye of a needle, 7s, sharps, than for a poor man in my circumstances to run this city summary department every week without no increase in me salary; but as me motto is "Excelsior," a sort a forin frase for "excel, sir," still must I on. A private note from me indefatigable employer, says:—"Having seen General Grant well taken care of by his innumerable New York constituents, who 'rolled up such an immense majority for him in the metropolis of America,' I am now spending a few days with Horatio Seymour, endeavoring to console him for the late unfortunate termination of a desperate political struggle, which might have ended differently had there been a different result. The ex-Governor takes it cooly and philosophically, and with the assistance of my advice and counsel for a few days, and a brief trip by salt water, I think he will be all right in a short time. Continue to do the best you can in my absence, and make things lively. More anon." This is but a feeble extrack of a prevaricatin' letter.....More anon! What's he mean be that, I dunno? Perhaps it as a mistake of a bad pen; may be he meant to say more or none, which would be more sensibler. The perilishil horrsun is besmin' with effulgens, and all nature is gay. We've had the President elect back in our possshun for "a few days, few days," as the old song says, and may be we'd dn't make use of him, nor nothin'; oh no! It's a most true adage which says: "It's better to be born lucky than to be born with teeth, or to come into the world with one of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler's, Esq.'s silver spoons in a body's mouth." I think Mr. Grant is a more luckier man than Mr. Butler, or he couldn't never have been elected to such a lottiest perishen to which he has climed up to on the efemeral step ladder of man. I think it is a pleasant thing to be a President eeck, for then you needn't want for nothin'. A man hasn't anything to do but git elected, and then he can git everything he wants for nothin'; hotels and other persons pervides the most delishuscst dinners for him, dinners which would make a epecure's mouth water with envlousness; dinners cooked to order, with nice home made mince pies, and niggers to wait on you all the time without their expectin' a little perkisit before they bring you nothin'. I think this waiter perkisit business is the most diabolikal nonsance which cusses the *table d'hote*. I remember me once, when I was travlin' agent for a animal show, my proprietor sent me ahead to prepare for the exhibishun, and he says to me in a more kinder manner than belongs to his persuashin, "Jim," says he: "do this here thing up right; put up at the Fif Avenoo Hotel, git the best room in the house, and put your name in big letters on the hotel book; make a dam big noise too," says he, "and order people round like—let 'em see that you're more'n you really are; let the waiters see that you've got plenty of money, and stake 'em soon as you sit down to the table. The greatest livin' animal show in the world demands such sacrifises." says he, "and don't spare nothin'." Well, with this *carl blanche*, as he called it, I spred meself. I rode up to the Hotel in style, and to let me see me, I set up with the driver, drest in a wite vestis, and patent leathers, and me trunks and things all stode inside of the coach. I paid the driver what he axed for carting me up there, which he said wasn't dear at ten dollars for such a distance—all the way from 23d street and 4th avenue. I have always thunk that that driver was a chete; he must a drivin' me round the town awhile, for next day I found that the depot and the hotel wasn't no more'n a block apart. I took a soot of rooms, and registered me name in large and fluent letters, and asked the obligin' clerk and porters and all hands to take a look at me locker, which they did with one wolce. At dinner—which, by the way, was a werry nice affair, the program announcin' many dishes which was a total stranger to me—the waiters flock'd round me cheer and person jist as if I was a President eleck; for I made a werry worashus noise with me cheer, a movin' of it about, and a scrapin' of it on the floor enuff to set your teeth on their edges, always exceptin' they wasn't store teeth. In the mean time I had surreptishusly sneaked several dollar bills into the cuff of me left hand, and I do think for once I was chock full. But right afore me, on the opsit side of the *table de hote*, sot a quiet, modest lookin' sort of a person, without no animashun into him. Whenever he wentured to ask a waiter for a bit of somethin', he did it in such a mild, abstemious wolce, that they frowned on him like a isickel, and swep by him like he was afflicted with the black womit. One time, the waiters had just brought me a elegant plate of *patty ax foy grass*, when the mild party opsit axed so humble as any waiters for a plate of that, which he seamed to know by sight. *My* waiter turned a witherin' look upon the unfortunate party, and says, in as few language as possibel, "all out!" I never felt so sorry for any person as I did for that there quiet party; when I was full she look'd famisht; he look'd like he wanted to go home; but I was the biggest ram in the pen; every eye was upon me, the waiters paid me such attenshuns; I have since learn'd that that poor man starved to death at a tour dollars and a half a day hotel, as was the werdick of the coroner's jury which sot on his late corpse. I think it is Mr. Alden, whose last name has escaped me wivid recollection—and who got a sort of reputashun for pashins, had hived at one of our first class hotels, he would a had all the conseet knock'd out of him, I do. *Postscript*—While consumin' me dinner, I didn't forget me cunnin', but was havin' fun with the waiters and the other gen-limen around me all the while. One time a obligin' and discriminatin' waiter brought me a sawory wegitable of whom I have also had a good appetite for. He eye lited up as I beheld his well known form, and a amuse little joke loom'd up in me mind's hemzun. Turnin' to the gentleman waiter who had just brung it, I said, in a wolce loud enuff to be heard from one end of the table to the tother, I said: "John"—they call 'em all John—"why is that there useful wegitable like my father's first drink of wiskey in the awakenin' hour of the mornin'?" All eyes was turned onto me, and for a moment there was a limited cessation of cinner, which sort of disembarrased me, but it was short lived durabil. The waiters grinned a ghastly smile, as was their duty, but never vouchsafed a reply because they didn't know; don't you see? Drunk and nearly all of me No. 14½ paper collar, and raisin' me form to a precarious hite, conshus of me persishin, I said—while a mischeevus smile plade round the corners of me potater trap, as the funny pupilists used to say—"I'll tell you why that there useful wegetable is like me father's first drink of wiskey in the awakenin' hours of the mornin'; because it's pars nip!" You never heard such shreeks of laffure as greeted that bon mot since the day when you was fust born; the very table rored; and even the famisht party opsit looked less like a funeral than he had looked before that day:

They looked upon me as a man
Which was chock full of fun,
And named me for next President,
But I declined to run;
Because I sores above that there,
As you may plainly see—
The White House it may do for some,
But a animal show for me.

Chorus—Oh, a animal show for me, for me,
A animal show for me!

I like to poke a elephant
Inter his monstrous ribs,
I loves to stir the kangaroo,
And punch his royal nibs;
And monkeys is a pleasant thing,
They're all so full of glee—
The White House it may do for some,
But a animal show for me.

Chorus—Oh, a animal show for me, for me,
A animal show for me!

.....The theatrical firmyment is engazin' the attenshin of shootin' and fixed stars, and things, and no man need'nt go away dissatisfied with the wise and instructive bankit prepared for their noomerous amusement. Two of our managers has been into court, "After Dark," to use a joakular trase. One wanted to put out the lites of the other, which the other didn't adhere to; but the judge was a man ekil to the ermin of the bench, and he says to the latter:—"You may play the piece to-night, but no longer, until this here thing is settled." Next day the parties appeared before his Honor agin, but the judge was agin ekil to the emergency, and says, "you may play the piece to-night, but this thing must be settled before you can be permitted to go on." He was a wery kind man, was this judge, whin' to do what's right, but stern and unyieldin' as Andy Johnson. So when they next came up before him, Mr. Palmer askin' him if he wouldn't stop the Bowery man from playin' "After Dark"—just as if a theatre could play at any other time—the obligin' judge says:—"This play must be stopped—I decide against you, but you can play it until it is settled in court." So McDonough went on as usual, but Mac opera folks is havin' a most little contest, but Dan isn't the under dog in the fight; to use a sporive expreshun, he has made Bateman "take his dust," as it were, or "back water," so to speak; for Bateman doesn't have many passengers over at the New Railroad depot, while Grau, at his French Theatre, in Fourteenth street, is nitely greeted by persons which crowds the house from roof to foundashin. Once, Bateman held the ruins over the boffers, but he let go his hold, and Grau came with a rush with his "Geneveseve," and he just carries all before him like a simoon in the dessert of Sarah, to use a classikil figgers of speech. But there hasnt no accountin' for tastes, or wagaries, a man may be up to day, but a earthquake or some'hin' of that way send him "thus far into the bowels of the land" to-morrow, as Mr. Richmond said when he was a chasin' up Richard Third, the bloody Dook of Glaster, as is recorded by Mr. Shakespere. In his amusin' colecshin of plays, whom he defeted in a prize fite on Boswerth Field, when there wasn't no policemen about to interfere with the sport, or to stop the pugnashis horsetillities of a ignorant tee, as is the case now-a-days, when a man dursesnt make a hole display of his manly art but what he is disturbed, by a troop of obnoxshus parties drest in a little brief authority and blue koles. I dont think a prise fite is so big a thing as born' a hole thro a man's head with a pistil, and I think if the same eggershuns was made to stop pistil borin' and carvin' of pupil with knives and tasectin' 'em, as there is to prewent prise fites which dont hurt nobody but the fitercives, there wouldn't be such wishiness and murderousness goin' about like a lion as there is. Out upon such parnishimses, say I, and ebil rites for the lams, as the innessent pugs is fasiahsly called. I go agin theevery, and I go agin knockin' men down behind their backs, and goin' thro 'em afterwards. "Give me libe ty or give me deth," once said a friend of mine who has long since gone to that there borne from which few resign when once consined to its freezin' embraces. But there will always be a diffrins of opinyun and queer pepli will igsist as long as there is pervishins enuff left to feed 'em, and fools enuff left to iaff at their jokes. Lines onto it from our poetic mashren:—

QUEER THINGS.

When elephants dance the "German,"
And eggs is sold by the bunch,
When turtles loll in arm chairs
And off of our aldermen lunch—
When a dollar means a dollar in gold,
And bops isnt made into beer—
You'll have every reason to think, me friend,
That things is mighty queer.

When the CLIPPER sends reporters
To a prize fight in the moon,
When the second day of December
Comes on the twenty-third of June—
When your tailor or your landlord
Forgits to send you their bill,
You'll have every reason to think, me friend,
That things is queerer still.

BROUGHAM'S NEW THEATRE.—This neat stone structure is situated in 24th street, at the immediate rear of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is not a very imposing building from an exterior view, but the interior possesses many attractive features, which reflect the greatest credit on the architects, Messrs D. and J. Jarome, of this city, whose artistic ability has been successfully brought into admirable requisition in the completion of the interior arrangements. The structure on Sixth avenue termed Lyric Hall, the new Baptist Church on Fifth avenue and 46th street, and a number of first class stores and edifices, were from the studio of these architects. With reference to Brougham's new theatre, we observe that the leading feature (and quite an original idea, too,) is to arrange brilliant mirrors all around the walls, showing the grand mass of reflective brilliancy (except that occupied as the stage) on every tier, such is the similar and beautiful design and imposing effects. The mirrors will be divided into panels extending the full height of each story, and each division is marked by a richly carved and gilded co'umn, with capitals. The stage is commodious compared with the theatre proper, and is furnished with beautiful new scenery and other modern improvements and paraphernalia which attach to such buildings. The seats are so arranged as to afford an unobstructed vision of the stage, so that the eye of the beholder can at once grasp a full view of the entire floor. The building, when complete, will be lighted by over a thousand gas jets, peeping out from every available projection, as well as from the dome, which is exquisitely frescoed and ornamented with appropriate statue figures, laid in in bold relief *a la* fresco. This theatre, though not equal in size to Booth's or Pike's Opera House, will, nevertheless, equal them for comfort, convenience and easy ingress and egress. It will be one of the handsomest theatres in the city of New York. Cost, $50,000.

ELIZA NEWTON has returned to this city from Boston, and is preparing for a reappearance here after an absence of two years. She has been secured by John Brougham for his theatre.

DR. JAMES L. THAYER, the circus manager, was in town last week.

HARRY C. JARRETT returned from Europe during the past week.

"AFTER DARK, OR LONDON BY NIGHT," has been produced at Niblo's Garden, and is set down as a great success. A greater or more nobily-attested success than piece and acting achieved has not been seen of late. Both are in fact remarkable, and quite sufficient to account for the enthusiasm of the audience. Yet Boucicault suffers in reputation for originality and invention, from the resemblance in its motive and a portion of its construction to several well-remembered works. As the high praise may undoubtedly be given it, and it will probably survive the proof of merit most convincing of all to author and manager—that of drawing crowded houses. Strong and sustained its interest certainly is, and in some scenes the story becomes very tender and pathetic. Those who would learn the art of dramatic construction may regard this drama as a perfect study, for it is the work of a workman who has learned his trade. The plot is as follows:—George Medhurst has committed the crime of forging a check which is known to Chandos Bellingham, a returned convict, and Dicey Morris, keeper of a gambling hell and a low music hall. To escape conviction he becomes a cab man at night, assumes the name of Hayward and is married to a poor girl, Eliza. One Bellingham has the forged paper, which he offers to give up for £50,000, which Medhurst can readily obtain if he will forsake his wife and marry Rose Egerton, as intended by his father, who leaves his fortune to him provided he marries her. These villains go to the house of the wife and explain her husband's situation, and ask her to leave the country and not be in her husband's way. She leaves home and goes to Dicey Morris' gambling house and meets her husband as he comes out. They finally take leave of each other forever, and Eliza makes her way to Black Friars bridge and throws herself into the Thames, but is rescued by old Tom, a boatman, her own father, but not discovered until later in the drama. Old Tom once occupied a position in the army and was in good standing, but his wife was seduced from him by Bellingham, who finally left her to die in a poor house, and the child Eliza became a barmaid at the Elysium. Old Tom takes to drink and becomes a miserable member of society. Being rescued from the Thames by old Tom, she is taken in charge by him, who finally, through the influence of a former friend of his, gets her a situation as servant with Rose Egerton, who is to be married the following day to the husband of Eliza, he believing her to be dead. But previous to her leaving old Tom he discovers by her history that she is his daughter. Rose finds Eliza too accomplished for a servant and makes her a companion. The eve of her marriage, Rose shows Eliza a portrait of her intended husband and tells her her own history. As she is about flying from the place she discovers her husband advancing toward the house, and, it being too late for her to escape, blows out the lights and falls into a chair, weeping bitterly. Medhurst—the husband—enters, and, thinking he is talking to his intended, tells her that he cannot wed, as he loves the memory of his wife too well, believing her to be dead, but has never ceased to love the one he thinks he has caused to destroy herself. He asks to be released from his engagement, when at this instant his intended enters the room with light in hand, and to his utter astonishment he discovers that he has been talking to his wife, when the curtain drops. This is one of the strongest situations we ever witnessed on the stage. The third act opens in a cheap music hall, whither Gordon Chumley, a friend of Medhurst, repairs to meet Bellingham and buy the forged check at a small sum, as Chumley makes Bellingham aware that he is in possession of the old convict. The forged check is delivered to Chumley, who is quickly dragged and the check secured. Old Tom, who has wandered into the dive, secures the check, but it is quickly taken from him and he is put down in the cellar, as the police, hearing his cries, call at the place. Bellingham and Dicey take the insensible body of Chumley and lay it across the railroad track, but old Tom breaks through a wall, and throwing himself upon the body of Chumley, rolls it off the track just in time to avoid being run over by the approaching railway train. This ends the act. The fourth and last act brings everything to a satisfactory termination. Old Tom reforms, makes himself known to his daughter, who is reinstated in the arms of her husband, and Rose marries her old love, Chumly, while Bellingham and Dicey are taken good care of by the "cops." The piece was received throughout with great enthusiasm, owing to the realisms of its scenes. The play opens with a view of Victoria Station, followed by a touching scene between Eliza and Bellingham. We next have a good representation of a gambling room, with the sports in full play, which changes to a street scene, where Medhurst takes leave of his wife, Eliza. An excellent view of Temple Bar follows, which is really artistic. The last scene in this act is Blackfriar's Bridge by moonlight, with a crowd of street vagrants crouched in the foreground, the moonlight view of St. Paul's and the river in the prospective, all of which are as perfect as stage pictures can be. The second act opens in the dry arches under Victoria Bridge, the home of Old Tom, and for nine weeks that of Eliza, who has rescued from the Thames. In this scene we witnessed one of the most touching scenes in the whole drama. While Eliza is preparing for her departure for her new home, she relates her past history to Old Tom, who, to his astonishment, learns that he has rescued from death his own child. Notwithstanding the strong burst of feeling with which he recognizes his child, he is ashamed to acknowledge himself to her in his present degraded, drunken condition, and allows her to depart without informing her, but accompanies her to her new home, when he informs her of the fact. In this scene there is a powerful dramatic situation, where Chumley confronts Bellingham, and recognizes in him an escaped convict. This scene is worked up in true Boucicaultian style. The next scene is the Green Chamber—a very handsome sott—where the husband meets his wife in the dark, one of the strongest situations in the drama, and capitally given by Medhurst and Eliza. The third act opens at a cheap concert saloon, which bears a slight resemblance to a similar scene in Brougham's "Lottery of Life," from which piece Boucicault no doubt *borrowed* the incident. However, the scene in "After Dark" is inferior to the one in "The Lottery of Life." Another name for this scene would answer just as well as that of Music Hall, for the only performance given on the miniature stage in a song called "Tommy Dodd," by Ernee Clarke, a vocalist from Weston's Music Hall, London. The song is by no means one that pleases, nor does Mr. Clarke's singing of it please. As this gentleman came over here for the new Tammany Hall place of amusement, we prefer to wait until we see him there before speaking of his ability, further than to say that his singing could be cut out of this piece without injuring it in the least. The third and last scene is the Underground Railway, the sensation scene of the piece, and which is in its construction as like Augustin Daly's railroad scene in "Under the Gaslight" as two peas are like one another. This is denied by some, who state that Boucicault makes his an underground street railway, while that of Daly's is a regular road train. This makes no difference to the *effect* of the scene whatever. A train of cars consisting of locomotive, tender and coaches pass on a rail across the stage, and a man is laid upon the track for the train to pass over, but is rescued just in time by Old Tom, who breaks through a cellar wall. In Daly's play a man is laid upon the track and rescued by a woman who breaks through a baggage room. Here the *effect* is exactly the same, and no one can deny but what it has been deliberately stolen from Mr. Daly. At a hearing of this case before Judge Blatchford on the 18th inst., several affidavits were read proving that railroad scenes had been introduced with a train of cars crossing the bridge twelve years ago, but it was not proved that a similar incident—that of placing a man across the track and his being rescued—had been witnessed previous to Mr. Daly's production of "Under the Gaslight." It is this incident, and not a railroad scene that Mr. Daly claims as his own personal property, for which he has taken out a copyright, and which ought to protect him. Mr. Daly is one of the very few native dramatists that we have, and having invented this incident it is but right that the courts should protect him and not permit such a pilfering foreign dramatist like Boucicault to steal his very heart's blood—so to speak—and be permitted to palm it off upon an American public and become rich from it, while the poor native dramatist, who is the rightful owner of it, is allowed to suffer considerably in pocket. It is not in the railroad scene alone that we find that which has been pilfered from other works, for those who have retentive memories can go through the entire drama, scene by scene, and trace the sources of nearly every effect. The drama has been placed upon the stage in a highly creditable manner, the scenery being all new, magnificent and effective, particularly "Blackfriars Bridge," the "Old Chambers," "Temple Bar," the "Lilacs" and the "Railroad." Among the new people who made their American debut, were Louisa Moore, Edith Challis, and Ernee Clarke, the balance of the company being old favorites. Louisa Moore (as Eliza) is a blonde, of hands me face and figure, and pleasing voice, who gave a highly finished piece of acting, giving us the highest opinion of her powers. Where there was a temptation to many kinds of extravagance Miss Moore remained simple and natural, carrying with her the sympathies of her audience. In the scene with her husband she displayed real power, her crying was most natural, and her emotion, on receiving the farewell from him, was so natural that it produced a complete burst of approval. Edith Challis as Rose played effectively and well. Her acting was pure, dignified and refined. One of the best enacted parts was that of Old Tom by Mr. F. C. Bangs, who had bestowed upon the impersonation exceeding care, and with most satisfactory results, and it was thoroughly enjoyable. Another prominent and capitally acted part was that of Chumley by Owen Marlowe, who left nothing to be desired in imparting to it interest and effectiveness. In Dicey Morris, a Jew, Edward Coleman had a character well suited to him, which was an unusual y life-like, clever portraiture. Mr. Fitzgerald made a good villain as Bellingham. Not quite free from hardness, it is still a clever and touching performance. The house was densely crowded on its initial performance and continued so throughout the week, terminating the first night at 11.20. The railroad scene, although a failure the first night, has since gone off all right. "After Dark," it is thought, may be set down for a three months' run at the least.

EDWARD MARDEN, otherwise known as Marble, but who appeared in England about a year ago as J. Booth, brother of John Wilkes Booth, and who we enjoyed at the time, is at present in this city, having returned from his European tour.

THE TAMMANY HALL place of amusement is fast approaching completion, and will be ready for the opening it is thought about the 15 h of December. The scenery is being painted in another city, while the costumes and properties are nearly completed Mr. Jarrett, who arrived from London the past week, brought with him a number of performers. Among those already secured are Ernee Clark, at present singing in "After Dark," Miss Russell, a vocalist highly spoken of, and several others.

MISS MARRIOTT, a popular London actress, is expected to arrive here early in January. Managers wishing to secure her will find her agent's address in another column.

"AFTER DARK" has already become the subject for burlesque, as we notice the San Francisco Minstrels, who are ever on the alert for novelty, announce for the current week a sketch called "After Dark Under the Gaslight," in which a railroad scene will be introduced. In addition to this, the laughable sketch of "Barber Brown" will be presented, also another sketch called "A Party by the name of Johnson." Although the patronage bestowed upon our minstrel entertainments the past three weeks has been rather light, this company have received their share of it.

"TAMING A BUTTERFLY" we should think would be rather tedious work at any time of the year, but more particularly just at present. However, Bryant's Minstrels announce that as one of their specialties for the present week; also, "Les Miserables," "Old Times Rocky," Stump Speech and a banjo solo by Unsworth, the *prima donna* business by Eugena, and the highly successful burlesque of "La Sonnambula," in which the full strength of the company is brought forward.

DR. SPALDING, who was in town the past week, left for New Orleans on the 21st inst.

GEN TOM THUMB AND PARTY are holding levees every afternoon and evening of the present week at Cooper Institute.

THE WILLIAMSES, who are supposed to be representatives of Irish and Yankee character, commence an engagement at the Broadway this evening in a rehash of "The Fairy Circle" and "An Hour in Seville."

MRS. LANDER closed an unprofitable engagement at the Broadway on the 21st.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" attracted large, but not crowded audiences to the Olympic the past week. The falling off was only a slight one, but the present week the receipts will, no doubt, be large, as there will be nine performances, a *matinee* being given on Thanksgiving Day as well as on Wednesday and Saturday. Mr. Lacey, the Harlequin, while going his rounds one afternoon the past week met with a party who gave a knock down argument, from which Lacy has fully recovered.

ROBERT NICKLS, prestidigitateur, commenced at the Alhambra, Broadway, on the 16th instant, and appeared throughout the week in some of the best feats of magic known to representatives of the art; unlike many of his predecessors he neither promises nor attempts too much but what is set down in the bills he executes in a pleasing as well as satisfactory manner. Time, space and matter, all seem to be annihilated by him. To his deep researches into the sciences of pneumatics, chemistry and optics, he adds a lightning-like quickness of hands which is almost incredible. The feat known as "The Instantatious Growth of Flowers" he performed equal to any other magician we have yet seen, while all his feats are well done.

LEON CHENAT AND EUGENIA LUPO arrived at HAVANA on the 21st instant. From all accounts the *ballet* and pantomime company sent to Albisu by Signor Tamaro have been badly treated. When they went for their salary after their first week's performance with Albisu he refused to pay them, stating that Tamaro had sent the *ballet* and pantomime troupe without any orders and he would not pay them. A compromise was then made by Albisu giving the theatre and receiving one-third of the receipts, the company to take the balance for the second week, but very little was made. Chenat and Lupo returned to New York, leaving Josephine Wally, Amalia Zuccoli, Mlle. Carmo and Mons. Grassi and wife there, who started on a traveling tour on the commonwealth plan. They were in Matanzas last week and will be in Cardenas this week.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS.—This popular place of amusement, one of the most fashionable resorts for amusement seekers in the city, is nightly crowded by brilliant and enthusiastic audiences. The present great attraction is the fairy pantomimic spectacle called "Cinderella," which has been gotten up with considerable care, and is just the kind of attraction that will please the younger branches of the community. There are fifty children introduced, all of whom have been put through a regular training by Mr. George Smith, the *ballet master*, who is deserving of considerable praise for the manner in which they are enabled to play their parts. The dance by these children is very cleverly executed.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS announces the last week of its present stay under canvas in this city. Mlle Marie, the daughter of Marie Tourniaire, the celebrated equestrienne, who has been one of the features the past week, is a graceful and daring child rider. The nerve and daring displayed by her excite the wonder and admiration of all who have seen her.

"THE GOLDEN JEWELS" is the title of a three act historical drama adapted from Scott's novel of "The Fortunes of Nigel" by Mrs. A. J. Reed, a rising dramatist of this city, who has had it copyrighted. This lady is the authoress of "Marie Antoinette" and not Charlotte Reed as stated in our last.

FRANK DILLON, a noted comic vocalist from the Alhambra, Weston's, Oxford and other popular London concert halls, arrived in this city a few days ago, and is anxious to obtain an opening, as will be seen by his card elsewhere.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS continue the production of their burlesque of "Orphee Aux Enfers" until Thanksgiving evening, after which they intend bringing out a new one, which is said to be replete with wit and charming music. A panorama will be introduced, besides several other novelties. Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor continue on the ends.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS has been secured for one week by the management of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, and opens there on the 30th inst. in a round of her best impersonations. The company engaged in support of the celebrated lady consists of Charles Kemble Mason, C. Mortimer, W. Davidge, D. H. Harkins, Blanche Gray, T. Hind, Thomas Owens, C. T. Parsloe, James Dunn and Mrs. Marie Wilkins. "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet" and "School for Scandal" will be performed.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" is in the last week of its run at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre. Viola Crocker has been too sick of late to continue her performance of Peachblossom, and the *role* was filled the past week by Annie Yeamans, who was successful in it. For two evenings previous the part was played by Saidee Cole.

"CHING CHOW HI," a musical Chinese extravaganza, was produced at the Theatre Comique last week, with Susan and Blanche Galton in the principal *roles*. Mixed up with much that is absurd, this piece has much real merit. It makes the audience laugh, and interests it thoroughly from the commencement to the close. Susan Galton looked and acted charmingly as a Chinese Maid of Honor, and sang with considerable spirit, particularly a new song, written by J. R. Thomas, entitled "Beautiful Snowdrops." On the 26th inst. Mr. Lingard appears in a new sketch, and the farce of "A Kiss in the Dark" is to be presented.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—By a private letter recently received in this city from the poor broken's only companion, during her illness and melancholy demise, we learn many particulars not heretofore made public concerning her last moments. The Menken was taken seriously ill immediately after her arrival in Paris, where she was to have played a new part written for her. Unfortunately the malady which took her from this world was peritonitis or inflammation of the intestines, supposed by her medical advisers, to have originated from pressure of the strap which bound her to the horse in Mazeppa." Extreme sickness was long and tedious, which she bore with a fortitude, lasting for over two long, weary months. Her doctors some weeks before her death ordered her removal to Bouqival for change of air. She was very ill before she went there and never left her bed from the moment of her arrival until she left the place. Bouqival was too bleak and she gained nothing by the change. Circumstances preventing her going any further south; she returned after an absence of four days, perfectly aware that she would never recover, and left her house but once after, and that was to that dungeon from which no traveler returns. A slight change for the better, it was thought, took place the night before her death, but to the grief of her companion it was a sad mistake. On the morning of the day of her death she seemed dreadfully exhausted, although all pain had passed away and she lingered on till about half past two, when she left this world with a happy smile on her lips. She died in the Jewish faith, the Rabbi having previously delivered the prayers and administered the usual comforts, and she said she felt calmer and happier than before. She has since interred in that faith in the Jewish burial grounds of Pere Lacharu. No monument has yet been erected to her memory. Her grave is railed in and flowers planted upon it, and strewn with immortelles, which is augmented daily from some fresh friendly hand.

COMMODORE FOOTE and Eliza Nestelle are among the latest and most attractive additions lately made to Wood's Museum. These little people have been traveling throughout the country for a number of years and this is the first opportunity they have had of appearing in this city, owing to the fact that Barnum, who has always had an interest in Gen. Tom Thumb, found it impracticable to bring into the field any rivals in the same line. Com. Foote is twenty-six years of age and Miss Nestelle is seventeen, and are the smallest dwarfs at present on exhibition in this country. That they are as intelligent and interesting as any, a few minutes' conversation with either will prove. They are on exhibition during the forenoon and afternoon in the saloon on the second floor, and in the small lecture room, where they appear in thirty-six distinct characters, consisting of single and double dances, dual dances, burlesques, &c. Their entertainment throughout is one of the most pleasing ever given by any similar performers, and are very pleasing to the little folks as well as to those of larger growth.

A SICK LIST.—Tony Pastor, who has been suffering with a sore throat the past week, reappears at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening. Frank Kerns, who has also been on the sick list for some time, reappears this evening. Harry Gurr, the Man Fish, as he is called, who had a slight attack of the fever the past week, but is a little better now, continues his aquatic performances in a glass tank of water, eating, smoking and drinking, while submerged beneath the watery element. Harry is quite a card and his performance pleases. Nelly Gray, *danseuse*, who has been attached to this establishment for some time, has been ordered by her physician to quit the stage for the winter in consequence of declining health. Tony appears to be rather unfortunate of late with members of his company, as quite a number have been sick. Billy Sheppard has but just recovered from a long spell of sickness. For the present week Tony offers an attractive programme, including a drama, representing life in this gay metropolis, called the "New York Milk Man." Gus Williams appears; also, Alice Seidler, Billy Sheppard, George Thompson, T. Riggs and other members of the company. A *matinee* will be given on Thanksgiving Day.

"FAME CATS" is the title of the burlesque to be produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels on the 30th inst.

A. L. PARKES publishes a card in another column, to the effect that all business communications relative to the Worrell Sisters' Theatre this date, should be addressed to him.

"AFTER DARK" has been withdrawn from the boards of the Bowery, and "Ned Scarlet" is given this week.

"ION" holds the boards at Wood's Museum, but whether any changes have been made in the dialogue of late we cannot say, our two last attempts to witness it proving unfortunate, as we occupied seats so far from the stage that we could see very little and hear much less.

THE BATEMAN SUIT.—Judge Gross awarded M'lle Barthillot $150 damages, and an allowance of $25 for costs, in the suit brought by her against Bateman for injuries received, the full account of which appeared in our last issue.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the different theatres in this city for the month of October as soon as to before the Revenue Collectors, were as follows:—

Wood's Museum (Sept)	$37,483	Broadway (Oct)	$13,268
Wood's Museum (Oct)	46,591	Bowery	13,738
Olympic	20,147	San Francisco	1,183
Niblo's Garden	23,147	Pryanis'	7,500
N. Y. Circus	18,411	Kelly & Leon's	7,310
Wallack's	17,639	Theatre Comique	14,164
Broadway (Aug)	7,502	Tony Pastor's	5,715
Broadway (Sept)	15,709	New York Theatre (no return)	

Lingard gave two performances in Brooklyn on October 19th and 26th, the receipts of which amounted to $3,616.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS closes its stay in this city on the 28th instant, and reopens the first week in April, 1869, for a spring season.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Rose Lascelles, Senyah and wife, R. Green and W. Victorelli, who arrived from Europe last week for the Tammany Hall place of amusement, are stopping at the St. Charles Hotel.

WESTMER & CO., dramatic agents, continue to attend to the wants of the profession. See their card elsewhere.

"AFTER DARK IN COURT."—The suit of Harry Palmer against John E. McDonough to restrain him from performing the above drama at the Bowery Theatre came up before Judge Nelson on the 18th, in the U. S. Circuit Court, but was postponed until the 21st. Mr. Booth, counsel for Palmer, said the drama entitled "After Dark" was the production of one Boucicault, that his client, Mr. Palmer, some time ago purchased of Mr. Boucicault, at a large cost, the exclusive right to represent this piece on the stage in the United States. His client had made great preparation for the production of this new play at his theatre, and had been at a large cost to advertise it in all the papers of New York and by show bills. He had procured the assignment of the whole United States for this play, and the production of it by any other person was a violation of his rights.

Mr. Seward, counsel for McDonough, then said:—I wish to call your Honor's attention to one thing in this suit, which states in its exhibit that the injunction was granted Nov. 11, 1868. Then I wish to call your Honor's attention to the date of this programme, which reads as follows:—"This Monday evening, and Saturday at 1 o'clock, will be presented for the first time in America, the celebrated melo-drama entitled 'After Dark,' by Dion Boucicault, and as originally produced by Tennery and Chas. They claim that the name "After Dark," and the play called by that name is the original invention of Boucicault. Now, we will show your Honor that neither is true. Here is a book which has been sent me by a correspondent. It is a novel, written by a noted English writer, Wilkie Collins, about fifteen years ago, and its title is "After Dark." This is the book, sir, dusty and worn, and as old almost as the hills.

The affidavit of John E. McDonough was then read. It asserts that the dramatic play written by Boucicault, called "After Dark," was plagiarized from an old piece written by a French novelist, Mercier, and called the "Bohemians of Paris." From this piece was taken the English play called the "Scamps of London," and it was very easy for Mr. Boucicault to get out "After Dark," with these three works to call from. The affidavit states further; I deny that the said Boucicault suggested and adopted another name and title for the play of 'London by Night," to wit, the name of "After Dark," as being more attractive and suitable, and, on the contrary thereof, I aver that the said name of the application to fiction, and to a fictitious story suitable for dramatic representation, was first so used and applied by the novelist, Wilkie Collins, to a story or novel written by him, and published several years ago by him, under the name of "After Dark." I produced a reprint of said story, and with its production I leave this Court to decide as to the integrity of the plaintiff's claim. I am advised that said Boucicault is an alien and a subject of the Queen of

19th, and remained four days. In addition to the equestrian corps, Jno. Templeton's dramatic company, with Kate Raymond as the leading attractions, have combined.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS exhibits in Savannah, Ga., on the 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th inst.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS was announced to commence a season in San Francisco, Cal., on Nov. 6th at the Metropolitan Theatre.

JOHN WILSON'S CIRCUS TROUPE reached San Francisco, Cal., on Oct. 27th.

JAMES HEMMINGS, equestrian, globe performer, balancer and juggler, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for engagements.

QUITE A COMPETITION among circus folks is going on in Mobile, Ala. A. Haight, of Stone and Murray's, was in that city on the 14th and billing the city for the 21st, 23d and 24th. Chas. Pell of Dan Castello's, has hired up every available lot, every wall and bill board in the city, from the 7th of Dec. to the 3d of Jan., for that concern; while Charlie Covelli was in the city on the 18th, negotiating with the management of the theatre to open at the theatre on or about the Holidays with the Ames' Circus and Menagerie.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS was in Greenville, Ala., Nov. 20th.

C. T. AMES' CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE has returned to New Orleans, after a season of thirty weeks. The route was by the way of Montgomery, Ala., Macon, Ga., Savannah, Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., Knoxville, Tenn., Nashville, and thence to Louisville, Ky., where the company chartered the steamer Cocea, of circus fame, and went up the river to the mouth of the Kanawha River. Thence up to Malden, West Virginia, where they turned back, showing at all the stands of any consequence down to Carrollton, La. They made during the season one hundred and thirty-six stands, and only failed to put in an appearance at one place. They were also fortunate in not meeting with an accident, and the members of the company were also well and able to attend to business. Herr E. Lengel, the "tiger slayer," was attacked by one of the honesses at Madison, Ind., and severely bitten in the leg, but he was out of the dens only three weeks. The company has also been fortunate in having no disturbance at any stand on the route during the summer. Since their return to the Crescent City they have had a successful season at Tivoli Circle, commencing on Nov. 5th. Two of the Saturday *matinees* were said by those who knew, to have been the largest ever given under canvas in that city. Among the great attractions are Lucille Watson, the Miaco Brothers, Jean Johnson, Tibbs, with his juggling on horseback, Watson, in his double act with Lucille, Sparks with his cannon ball manipulations and light and heavy balancing, and Master Frank Smith in his pony act and principal act. Horace Smith in his bare back act has also been well received. Johnny Lawton, as clown, has proved most acceptable. Tom Miaco has played clown with favor, appearing as Lawton's alternate. The performances of Herr Leagel with his hons and pet tiger are full of excitement, for the brutes are ugly, and it seems to be only a question of time as to when they will get the best of him. Not quite so dangerous, and therefore more pleasing, are the exploits of Mlle. Ella Eugenie, the "Lion Queen"—as she is called—as she makes her pet Mexican lions go through their various evolutions. The ugly Russian bear also obeys her commands, and moves in awkward haste, as she gives the word. An attractive feature is a pair of baby lions only seven weeks old. The circus was to reorganize the past week for Texas.

GOLD MEDAL PRESENTATION.—At the *matinee* performance of Ames' New Orleans Circus on the 13th instant as M'lle Ella Eugenie, the "Lion Queen," was about to retire, after having been in the performing dens, she was stopped by T. W. Poland, the ring master, who surprised her by presenting, with a characteristically neat speech, a warrior medal of Mexican gold, bearing the inscription "To M'lle Ella Eugenie, the Lion Queen, a token of esteem from numerous friends."

C. W. NOYES' CIRCUS will exhibit in Louisville, Ky., on the 23d inst., for three days.

CIRCUS TENTS of various sizes are advertised for sale by Henry Sparks in another column.

JIMMY ROBINSON, the celebrated bare back equestrian, appears in Philadelphia next week for the first time, never having ridden there before.

Music Halls.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., for many months past has suffered greatly for the want of some agreeable place of amusement, and it was exceedingly gratifying for many of the citizens to learn that the "Office Varieties" had been opened by Mr. J. R. Wells. The first performance, says a correspondent:—"was given on the 9th inst., and through the past week the houses have been literally crowded. Miss Nellie Whitney, late of Tony Pastor's Opera House, together with Miss Jennie Davis from Deagle's Varieties, at St. Louis, Mo., are the only ladies at present employed, but they are a host in themselves, and are loudly *encored* every evening. Johnny Reddin and Billy Diamond are the end men, while Mr. Madden, interlocutor, and Little Willie make up the company at present. Johnny Smith, the banjo player, is on his way from Nashville, Tenn., and will appear here on the 19th inst. Sam Collyer and his talented sons, and Signorita Lopez and family are engaged, and will all soon come before the footlights. Mr. Weaver, end man, who is now filling a successful engagement at Selma, Ala., will also be here soon....The circus of Dan Castello was here on the 16th and 17th inst. Then comes Stone and Murray's Circus, and after them the State Agricultural Fair of Alabama attracts the attention of the public, opening at the Pickett Springs Fair Grounds, four miles from the city, on the 18th.....Miss Charlotte Thompson has some thoughts of opening the theatre here for a few weeks, but she may as well give up the idea, and at once. The theatre is one of the finest and best in the South, but every one that has ever had anything to do with it has lost money fast. In the first place, managers have always employed sticks instead of actors, and secondly, they have invariably demanded too high a price for admission, two very good reasons why no one has ever succeeded. Mr. Wells, however, seems to have hit the nail on the head; he has a very talented company, all of whom seem anxious to please. He asks only four bits for admission, and the way he slings printer's ink, that most excellent salve for the gradual increase of wealth, is really wonderful."

THE OLYMPIC is the name of a variety place of amusement to be opened shortly, under the management of T. L. Donnelly, in the Wigwam, Brooklyn, which is being fitted up at present. Talent is advertised for.

AT THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., business has been fair for the past two weeks. On the 14th, Miss Lillie Beckett took a benefit and was greeted by a full house. She made twenty-three different make-ups during the evening's performance. The statues were among the chief attractions of the performance. The "Dancing Negro Boy," "Gallant Defying the Lightning," "Calm and Able," "Greek Slave," "Sleeping Beauty," "African's Alarmed at Thunder," "The Coquette," "Gratitude and Scorn," "Emmanuel Sharpening his Knife," were represented. The "Three Wome:" were rendered by Misses Lillie Beckett, Fannie Williams and Lotta Starr. 'In and Out of Place,' with Miss Lillie Beckett in the principal *role*, profusely interspersed with songs and dances, filled up the bill for the evening.

THE VARIETIES, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., under the direction of Fernando Smith, has the following people performing there:—Johnny Dalsied, Billie Freer, Master Jimmy Freer, Mme. Reeter, Charles McWay and Jenny Rich.

THE OLYMPIC, Norfolk, Va., advertises for talent of all kinds, particularly a lady jig dancer. Millie Smith, song and dance, has become a favorite. The Florence Sisters, *danseuses*, Hen. Mason, Carrie Carner and Frank Allison are in the company.

NELL RODGERS opened at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 19th, playing on the tambourine and in the minstrel performance.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Willis Smith and Murphy are still making faces at the slim audiences. Harry Robinson was re-engaged for one week more, prior to his departure for New Orleans. Manager Richards, says a correspondent, "should procure a few females."

WILSON HALL, KOKOMO, IND., is advertised to rent; it is newly fitted up and seats about 500; has drop curtain and dressing rooms.

THE COURT STREET VARIETIES, Indianapolis, Ind., is in the full tide of success, and deservedly so, for it is the only first class variety place of amusement in the city. The following is a list of the company:—Sam E. Dimmit, treasurer; E. D. Goodanz, stage manager; Harry Blood, Johnny Morton, Nelson Kneass, Mr. Tirrell, Kate Atwood, Kate Castello, Mlle. Jersena, Miss Rosalie, Millie Estelle, Mary Russell, Minnie and Maggie Clark, Miss Leota, Miss Dawson and Julia Leavette.

GEORGE C. THOMPSON and Charlie Christy are in Indianapolis, quite ill.

THE OFFICE VARIETIES, Montgomery, Ala., has got in operation under the management of J. R. Wells, with the following company:—Nellie Whitney, Jennie Davis, Billy Diamond, Johnny Reddon, G. E. Maddern and Master Wiley.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., under the management of A. Montpelier, has the following company engaged:—Sig. A. Nichols, W. Antonio, Ettie Barker and Belle Thomas.

THE RAGE STEET VARIETIES, Cincinnati, under the management of J. C. Davis & Co., has made large additions to its company lately, among which are J. H. Clark, bones; Dan Connor, tambourine; Signor Abijah Couse; Miss Addie Sprague, Miss Celia Herd, Miss Lizzie Whelan, and Miss Annie Clark. Part first consists of a female minstrel scene, and the rest of the programme is the usual olio of singing, dancing and farces. The admission charged is 25 cents for orchestra chairs, and ten cents for the body of the house. Sig. Couse is the stage manager at present.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Philadelphia, has, thus far, done very well, and the experiment promises to be a success. J. C. Gregory is the manager, and J. T. Donnelly is agent and treasurer. For the current week a diversified bill of attractions is offered, including M'lle Augusta and the *ballet*, the Gregory Brothers, etc.

THE SENSATION of the season in Baltimore Md., was the production of the Can Can at the Opera House on the 19th inst. with all its embellishments, under the immediate supervision of Mons. Alex. Mauvais. It has caused quite a furore among the admirers of the *leg*-latinate, both young and old, and to use the classical expression of a talented, but unappreciated "supe," the house is "chock full" every night. The principal *danseuse* is M'lle Idella, who is exceedingly graceful in her gyrations. La Petite Belle Boquet is scarcely less brilliant; she is a finished *danseuse* and possesses a pair of black eyes that are very fascinating and expressive. Annie Eldridge is efficient and dances with an abandon in keeping with the drama. Ne lis Howard deserves especial notice for her excellent make up and representation of Prince Souce. Lottie Forrest also creditably sustains a man's character in the Can Can. As a dark background to so much brilliancy Harry Hart and Tom McIntyre keep the audience convulsed with laughter by their ludicrous mimics in the Can Can dances. In addition to the above a fine olio entertainment is given, prominent in which we notice Miss Annie Hall, vocalist. During the current week new features and an increased force will be added to the Can Can *ballet*.

THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE, Baltimore, like all places of amusement there, is doing a good business. They are said to give a good olio performance, and are continually adding new attractions. Kitty Lee and Millie Coleman are there, and do a double dance besides several solos. Millie Rosalind is equally happy in a song, dance or lilt. Lou Chapin creates a sensation as a stump orator. Miss agnes Sutherland, the Scotch nightingale, was to have made her *debut* on the 23d inst. Buckingham and sons closed at this establishment on the 21st inst.

THE "CLARKE BROTHERS," double song and dance men, have opened the Temple of Momus, Baltimore, and are now running it as a Music Hall.

FIRST CLASS TALENT is advertised for by the management of the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia.

THE COUTHLIER BROTHERS appear at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week, also Prof. Hilton, ventriloquist, who has been one of the most attractive cards at the Theatre Comique, this city, for several months.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, the "Dutchman's Trouble" and the "Rival Dutchmen," with Thompson and Norton as the principals, together with the regular olio, was on the bills for the past week. Billy Gray, Emma and Keith Whiting, Mr. Percy and Mrs. F. McAvoy closed on the 21st. The Vansandt Brothers, acrobats, appear on the 23d.

ANNIE GIBBONS, known in the pedestrian world as Mad. Moore, and who was arrested in Rochester two weeks ago for wearing male attire was discharged from prison after the third day. Next week she walks in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

BILLY HARRIS' WIFE presented him with an addition to his family on the 17th, in the shape of a seven pounder little girl.

BOWMAN AND HARRIS had a complimentary benefit at Opera Hall, Indianapolis, on the 14th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

CARD.—BALTIMORE, Nov. 16th, 1868.—FRANK QUEEN.—My object in addressing you is for the purpose of correcting a portion of your correspondent's report in the issue of the CLIPPER dated Nov. 14th. After a complimentary dissertation upon Miss Lotta's performance of "Little Nell and the Marchioness," at Holliday Street Theatre, he concluded his article by observing that "the minstrel troupe in the English fair are shocking—positively shocking, and would never make their 'sall-an'-alf' we e they to attempt the reality across the waters." The well known experience, taste and judgment of Manager Ford and Stage Manager Hall, of the Holliday, is sufficient and positive refutation of this shocking criticism, as these gentlemen have a world wide reputation for enterprise and liberality of expenditure for first class talent. I have the pleasure of informing you that the self same troupe that has supported Miss Lotta's character of Little Nell made their *debut* last season at Sanderson's Opera House, and as well known was their vocal ability that the house was filled to repletion, and after eight o'clock not even standing room could be obtained. Their concerted pieces and solos were always happy, and even three times encored, and floral compliments greeted the reappearance of each artist. It has often been regretted by stage professionals that correspondents sometimes take advantage of their prerogative to gratify some private pique or malice which they harbor against a certain member of a troupe by defaming the whole, and, by such a pernicious action, not only pervert the true principles of an unbiassed nature, but, in their ulterior designs, disregard the opinion of the supreme critics of the world, the public, which, I think, is the case in your correspondent's article. The troupe has been nightly hailed with every manifestation of warm approval and high regard. Yours,

J. ASHLAND COLE, 62 N. Greene street.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS opened in Chicago, Ill., for a season, in Arlington's Hall, on the 12th inst. Speaking of the performance, our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"The hall looked very neat, having been refitted in a manner which reflects credit on the taste of the managers. Chairs have been introduced in the orchestra instead of sofas, and the sofas all moved to the parquet, each sofa being raised above the preceding one, affording each person a good chance to see. The stage is enlarged and the proscenium walls and ceiling redecorated. In the first part Sam and Ben had the ends, and perpetrated many new gags and but one *old one*, as far as I have yet heard. These gentlemen have good reason to be proud of their reception. The overture was a *pot pourri* from the 'Grand Duchess,' followed by the 'Pirate Chorus;' 'Beautiful Girl of the South,' by Church; 'Larry McGee,' by Ben., rapturously *encored*; 'Meet me at Twilight,' by Geo. Gray, a beautiful song, exquisitely rendered; 'Cruel Mary Holder,' by Sam, which was *encored*. The first part concluded with the 'Skating Carnival,' in which Moe astonished all by his skating on the small stage. In the second part, Sam leads off with 'Captain Jinks,' the best rendition the song has received in this city. Ben followed with the song and dance of 'I ain't going to tell;' Harry Stanwood, banjo solo; double clog medley by Willie and Charley; imitation of actors by Sam and Ben; double song and dance, 'We're a happy pair,' by Willie and Charley. Each act was *encored* in turn, and it was quite late when the curtain fell on their burlesque of 'Under the Gaslight, or the Streets of New York,' a side-splitting affair. The house was jammed, each aisle being filled and every available standing place occupied. The following night was a repetition, and on the 14th people were turned away. The troupe have made an excellent beginning, and it remains entirely within themselves to retain the popularity they have so soon gained."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are billed ahead as follows:—Syracuse, N. Y., 24th and 25th, Troy 26th, Albany 27th, 28th and 29th, Hartford, Conn., 30th and Dec. 1st, Meriden 2d, Waterbury 3d, and New Haven 4th and 5th.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are billed in Nashville for five nights, commencing Nov. 30th, at Masonic Hall.

MORRIS' MINSTRELS perform in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 26th, 27th and 28th inst.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS appear in Providence, R. I., on the 26th inst.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, consisting of C. Reynolds, S. Cole, Wm. Barry, Rollin Howard, Brandisi, Gustave Bidaux, Wm. Taylor, R. J. Tooke, H. W. Gilford, Wm. H. Butler, Otis H. Carter, James Haverly, E. G. Kneeand, J. H. Russey, M. Stanton, A. E. Voos, Chas. Keohl and Geo. L. Bishop, performed in Peoria, Ill., on the 11th and 12th inst., and went thence to Quincy for the 19th, Keokuk, Iowa, 20th; Burlington, 21st; Muscatine, 23d, and Davenport, 24th and 25th, thence up the Mississippi River.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS were at Whitby, Canada, on the 20th, and were to go thence to Toronto, 21st, 23d and 24th, and Hamilton 25th.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, with Frank Hussey, Harry Courtaine, Lew Rattler and Leon Samwells in the company, continue at the Alhambra, San Francisco.

WILSON'S MINSTRELS are advertised at Gooderich, Canada, for Nov. 24th. Harry Tyndale is ahead as agent.

S. S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS are traveling in Pennsylvania. On the 20th they were at Rochester; 21st, Greensburg, and opened the new hall in Johnstown on the 23d. S. S. Sanford has for features his performance of "Bone Squash," "Ginger Blue," "Uncle Tom" and "Old Josh."

E. M. HALL, banjoist, and song and dance man, joined Dan Shelby's Minstrels on the 9th inst. They are traveling through Illinois and Iowa.

THE EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING OPERA HOUSE, in Cincinnati, did a very good business last week. The company had an excellent addition to their strength in the Reynolds boys, a pair of clog dancers, whose poses and steps are somewhat more original than the general run. Kanane and West, the old cloggists of the troupe, remained through last week, and this week were to have gone with the Newcombs. Emerson took Allen's place as tambourine. The newest feature on the programme, and one of the best, also, was an original song and dance by Johnnie Allen, after the style of "Nickodemus Johnson," entitled "Josephus Orange Blossom." The old operatic farce of the "Virginia Cupid" was the wind-up, and took well, as it seemed to be new to most of the spectators. Emerson was the "Rosa," and did that female very cleverly. A burlesque prize fight between Emerson and Reynolds was pretty well managed, and rather a success. The "Virginia Mummy" is to be the farce this week. On Tuesday Billy Manning took a ride on a locomotive up to Dayton, and the brutal engineer asserts that the "Wandering Minstrel" was nearly frightened out of his wits. He said he could hear his teeth chatter, but Billy says it was the "bones" in his pocket.

J. L. CARNCROSS, of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, is about to open a music store in that city.

HOOLEY'S TWO OPERA HOUSES are both doing a good business. The change of location in the two companies continues the same as last week. At the Williamsburgh establishment the Wilson Brothers, gymnasts, appear and a burlesque by T. L. Donnelly and B. A. Baker called "IXION" is to be presented. John Mulligan has been well received there. At the Brooklyn house a burlesque called "The Lucky Shilling Case" will be given, introducing a pier scene and a steamboat explosion. Frank Gerard appears this evening. S. S. Purdy and Archy Hughes have met with a favorable reception at the house of the Brooklynites.

A LEADING TENOR SINGER, well up in his business, is wanted by Arlington's Minstrels, who advertise in another column.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS, of Boston, present at their Minstrel Hall in that city this week the panorama of "A Trip Around the World."

J. C. CAMPBELL left this city on the 21st inst. for St. Louis, to join Morris' Minstrels.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS were in Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st inst.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS appear in Hamilton, Canada, Nov. 24th and 25th.

NORRIS AND DUNCAN'S MINSTRELS.—under the management of Oscar Kress—came to grief at Indianapolis on the 18th. Bowman and Harris appeared on the ends for them on the 17th.

AT WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, Mo., business was moderate the past week. In the olio Joe Maira gave his "Ariel Pas Seul" for the first time. Brav's "Babes in the Woods," "Black Chemist" and "Hartz Outdone" formed the principal features for the past week. The afterpiece was "Meteoric Showers." On the 20th Rollin Dana takes a benefit.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTELS sing in Fall River, Mass., on the 24th inst.

Miscellaneous.

MISS KELLOGG is to give three concerts in Philadelphia, this week, at Concert Hall, and from the demand already made for seats, there will be a very large attendance at each.

BLIND TOM, the pianist, has met with much success at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, where a series of fashionable audiences have assembled to listen to his manipulation of the ivories. His season closes there on Thanksgiving night, after which he proceeds to Baltimore, Washington, etc. In addition to playing the most difficult pieces on the piano, Tom sings in good style, his voice being clear, strong and musical. His singing of "The Heart Bowed Down," from Balfe's ope a of the "Bohemian Girl," is well worth hearing.

COMPANY "A," of the Cincinnati Zouaves, gave an exhibition drill at the Rink, in that city, on Monday, the 16th, at which an audience of fully four thousand was present.

REV. S. H. TYNG, Jr., delivers a lecture entitled "Bulls and Bears," at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 25th inst.

HARRY GUBR, the man fish, is open for brief engagements. See his card elsewhere.

EDWIN HOFFMAN assisted by Mons Gilbert, Jennie Bull, and M'lle Toedt gave a concert in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 18th to a small audience.

GENERAL KILPATRICK lectured in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 19th, under the auspices of Admiral Foot of the "Grand Army of the Republic." The subject was "Sherman's March to the Sea."

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS sang in Johnstown, Pa., on the 17th and 18th inst.

J. T. FANNIN gave a performance at Friendship Hall, Philadelphia, on the 19th, under the name of "Photographians, or two hours in Fun Land," assisted by Mrs. Annie Fannin, and Messrs. Thomas and Tustin.

JAMES THACKERY, bill poster, Pittsburgh, Pa., attends to his business and appears to give satisfaction, if we may judge from a card published in our advertisement columns.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS gave two of their popular entertainments at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 18th and 19th to big houses. Georgie Dean Spaulding's harp solos were heartily *encored*. The Albany *Post* in alluding thereto, says:—"SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS—TWEDDLE HALL.—BRILLIANT SUCCESS.—Notwithstanding the horrid weather last evening, the Spaulding Bell Ringers achieved a brilliant success, excellent house and a delighted audience. George Dean Spaulding is a wonderful artiste—the most astonishing performer on the harp that we ever saw. In her hands the harp becomes a whole orchestra. She plays with an ease only equaled by its wonderment. The harp solos and songs of Mrs. Spaulding constitute a grand entertainment in themselves. But when we add the performance of Mrs. S., the capital singing of Harry Eades and the other star performers, our citizens obtain a programme of such rare excellence that the house this evening should contain at least $800."

MADAME PAREPA ROSA was to give two concerts on the 12th and 13th inst. in Salt Lake City. Queer stories were in circulation about her, not calculated to increase her reputation. A correspondent says:—"When in San Francisco she had been invited to visit an Orphan Asylum. She went and was requested to sing something 'nice' to the poor children. Of course, kind heart, she would not refuse, and sung two pretty songs. Next day she went in a bill of $200. This is not like Jenny Lind. At Dayton, Nevada, she announced a concert. Before the entertainment commenced she found out that not all the seats were taken. This aroused her high spirited blood, she refused to sing, returned the money and went back to Virginia City. The Sacramento *Union* justly remarks:—'This corpulent lady is putting on too many airs.' Papa Bateman spoiled the *dear* cantatrice."

SENORITA FILOMENO, the Chilian girl pianist and violinist, was to open in Providence, R. I., on the 23d, to remain two nights.

QUEEN, the "Faklst," was at Needham, Mass., on the 17th inst.

OLE BULL appeared in Milwaukee on the 20th and 21st.

PAREPA ROSA is billed for Milwaukee on Dec. 1st.

CARD.—ERIE, N. Y., Nov. 14th, 1868.—MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir*:—Having noticed Frank J. Whitcher's card in your paper, I am compelled to prove his assertion to be a fabrication. As to my corresponding to the CLIPPER, I merely told some of Mr. Myers' Company I wrote for the paper; if you remember I sent you a report of a *love story* from Halifax, N. S. (We don't remember.—ED. CLIP.) As to receiving $60 per month from you, it is a fabrication of the deepest dye, as I never made use of the words. About the money for the outside tickets is as follows:—Mr. J. Holmes Grover had lost money on his drama, "The Way of the Wicked," and four days previous to his benefit asked me if I would become his agent, which I did, and entered on my duties, going to the different newspapers, handing out his benefit cards, going to the different places with him to leave tickets for sale (the money for which I could have collected if I wished to be dishonest), and then I took 4,000 dodgers and programmes, and distributed each and every one of them in person; also saw that 800 were given out by others. When I saw the poor house he had at his benefit, I paid myself $4, which was a very little for four days' hard work. Had I wanted to be dishonest I might have had tickets for sale for Mr. Myers' complimentary benefit, which he (Whitcher) offered me, but I refused to take them. As to my hotel bill, I stopped at the Sherman House five days; on the 6th day I offered to settle with Mr. Gault, the clerk, and he requested me to wait until I left. That night I had the misfortune to lose $41, and rather than tell him I left, and informed him by letter that I would send it from Cleveland, Ohio. I acknowledge I am slightly wrong, but not as base as Mr. Myers' agent would make me out to be.

Yours, &c., E. M. GOTTHOLD.

THE HANLON BROTHERS, who are achieving a series of success in the west, were at Cleveland, O., on the 16th, 17th and 18th inst. A correspondent from that city writes:—"Manager John Elsler having taken his stock company to Norwalk, the Academy of Music was occupied by Fanny Jamauschek, who, though doubtless a great actress, proved but little attraction, save to the Teutonic portion of our citizens, who do not predominate here as in the larger cities westward. Our amusement lovers accordingly hailed with pleasure the advent of the Hanlon Brothers, who, with their consternation, consisting of George, William, Alfred, Edward and Frederick Hanlon, their pupils Julien, Francois and Victor, Pfon, the Rossian gymnast, Sadie Thorne, James Stumphin, harpist, Sedgwick, pantomimist, opened on the 16th. If ever the capacity of Brainard Hall was tested, it must have been on that night, for at 8 o'clock there was no standing room, and the sale of tickets was stopped, two or three hundred people being turned away. A more pleasing and diversified entertainment has never been presented in this city, and they were rewarded with crowded houses during their three nights' stay. I have heard many expressions of regret at the Hanlons not having been able to secure the Academy of Music and remain here for a week. As it was they presented too strong attractions for the German tragedienne, and she had hardly a fair house while they remained. They went west from here, and are to open in Detroit on or about the 23d inst."

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS gave a reading to the guests of the St. James Hotel, Boston, on the 19th, at their request, and, after the readings were completed, they presented the lady with a beautiful set of silver, much to her surprise. She thanked them in a neat and appropriate little speech. The occasion was a pleasant one to all present.

R. B. KENT continues to furnish the theatrical and circus profession with hosiery and clothing. See his advertisement.

"THE PROMPTER," a ball-room companion, giving a full description of all the quadrilles, figures of the German cotillion, etc., can be had of Wm. A. Pond & Co., who advertise in another column.

A PAIR OF ELKS, broken to harness, are wanted by Frank Donaldson, who advertises in another column.

SHOWMEN in want of foreign sheep, gazelles, or a sacred cow and bull, can get them from L. Converse, who advertises in another column.

CHARLES H. SPENCER, publisher of plays in Boston, has just issued in cheap form the one act farces of "Hit Him, He Has No Friends," "The Christening" and "A Race for a Widow."

KENNEDY, the Scotch vocalist, was at Hamilton, Canada, last week.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL PLAYERS, are billed for Brantford, Canada, Nov. 27th and 28th.

AN ENTERTAINMENT was given in Portland, Me., on the 16th inst., for the purpose of raising funds to erect a monument over the grave of the late Artemus Ward.

THE TAYLOR AND BURNETT COMBINATION open at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 26th inst. for a brief season. Managers in the west wishing to secure one of the most attractive shows in the country should communicate with Mr. Burnett, whose address will be found elsewhere.

THE SIEGRIST AND ZANFRETTA PARTY were tendered a complimentary benefit at the Olympic Theatre, Detroit, Mich., on the 16th inst., which closed the season. They are now playing at Ann Arbor and thereabouts. Mr. E. A. Lacke, the comedian, has joined them. Rumor has it that he will soon give "Humpty Dumpty" there, he having the right of the piece for that city.

HARTZ, the illusionist, continues in St. Louis, Mo., where he was the past week.

Amateur.

THE GARRICK DRAMATIC SOCIETY of Mobile, Ala., gave a performance on the 12th inst. The play was "London Assurance." The cast included the names of several eminent lawyers and old stagers. Mr. Williams as Sir Harcourt, Mr. Barrie as Max Harkaway. Mr. C. Lawson, an amateur from foreign climes, as Dazzle; Mr. McDonough as Meddle. It is the intention of the Garricks to give a weekly performance during the winter, for the purpose of raising a fund to build a reading room, and as some of the prominent citizens of Mobile are connected with the organization it is sure to succeed.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of this city have selected for their next performance "Love's Sacrifice" and "Box and Cox," with Mrs. W. L. Jamieson as Margaret Elmore, J. H. Hart as Matthew Elmore, P. G. Healy as Eugene De Lorme, Thomas E. Flynn as Paul Lafont and F. W. Simeon as the Friar.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Cincinnati gave "Grandfather Whitehead" and selections from "As You Like It," on Tuesday of last week, and the Davenport Club of the same place the "Serious Family," and an act of "Julius Cæsar." "Money" is to be next given by the Shakespeare.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "Two Fathers," and "My Neighbor's Wife," together with several recitations on the 19th and 20th inst.....The Boothenian did not give any performance last week, and are no doubt making extra preparations for their benefit on Thanksgiving night.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Several changes were made in the programmes offered at the London theatres for the week ending Nov. 7th. Miss Hazlewood, of Sadler's Wells, revived the drama of "Two Lives and a Life." Miss Hazlewood appearing as Ruth, and as Elly O'Connor, in "The Colleen Bawn"....."The Stranger Stranger than Ever." is the title of a new burlesque by R. Reece, on the play of the "Stranger," produced at the Queen's. It is pronounced a bustling and lively production, entitled to hold a good position among its rivals. Some real comic spirit appears to have animated Mr. Reece in its composition, and some of its characters and scenes are truly comic. The "Lancashire Lass" was given at this house on the 4th, for the eighty-ninth time.....Mr. Mapleson's opera season at the Italian Opera House has so far proved a successful one. "Don Giovanni" was produced on the 3d inst., introducing Minnie Hauck as Zerlina, which is pronounced a charmingly natural and singularly unaffected performance. She looks the part to perfection, and her extreme youthfulness, combined with a most engaging manner, impressed the audience favorably from the first duet with the much-to-be-pitied Masetto and chorus to that point of the opera when Zerlina is last seen. Miss Hauck's conception of the character is admirable, and the coquettish nature of the little villager is most delightfully portrayed in the lovely melodies—"Batti, batti," and "Vedral carino" her expression was pure and artless, and the last air was *encored*. Miss Hauck's intonation is always irreproachable, and that is saying much for so young an *artiste*. Mlle. Ilma de Murska was too indisposed to appear on the 5th inst., in consequence of a tempestuous voyage she had just arrived from. "Il Trovatore" was substituted in place of "Lucia," with Mlle. Scalchi as Azucena.....The Carr troupe of gymnasts and acrobats are well received at Astley's Amphitheatre. Mr. Levy, the cornet player, is performing here, previous to his departure for America.....Miss Marriott is preparing for an early departure for New York.....'King o' Scots" holds the boards at Drury Lane.....Miss Bateman is continuing her performance of "Leah" at the Haymarket.....'After Dark" is attracting crowded audiences to the Princess'.....'The Rightful Heir" is still performed at the Lyceum.....The 38th dance will shortly open under the direction of Mlle. De La Forte....."The Field of the Cloth of Gold" has been performed 182 times at the Strand. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, is performing there in "A Widow Hunt." Mr. Clarke has just returned from a tour in the Provinces. Mr. Clarke's reception in the part was surely all he could have desired; and the demonstrations in his favor were most flattering. On Nov. 6th the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite were in attendance. There were also present the Queen of Holland and the American Minister, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson....Amy Sedgwick announces her benefit for the 9th inst., at the Alfred Theatre, after which the theatre was to close for alterations.....'Land Ists and Water Rats," a burlesque on the successful run at the Surrey....The "Scamps of London" is in the ninth week of its production at the Grecian..... J. B. Howe has been playing Salem Scudder in the "Octoroon"....The return of admissions for six days at Crystal Palace ending Nov. 6th was 15,103 persons.....The Westminster play this year will be the "Phormio" of Terence....Mrs. Sidney Bancroft (Miss Marie Wilton) has given birth to a son....Carrie and Charles Austin are doing their "Lightning Z-aare Drill" at the Alhambra.....The roof has been pulled down on the new Gaiety Theatre, and the house will be opened on the 21st of December. The opening programme will be composed of a drama, the name of which has not yet been settled, a burlesque, by W. S. Gilbert, on the subject of "Robert le Diable," and a version, by Mr. A. Preckett, of the comic operetta, "Les Deux Arlequins."....Miss Trissy Marston, daughter of Henry Marston, of the Princess' Theatre, died in London on the 4th inst.

M. LACOSTE, an actor of the Ambigu Comique, Paris, who only lately made his *debut* there in "Le Sacrifege," has just died from congestion of the brain.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT is having a theatre built in the principal square in Cairo. No less than 7,500 workmen are laboring at it day and night. The architect has received orders to have it finished in two months. And for what, think you, has this enormous work been undertaken? Simply in hopes of inducing Madame Schneider to accept an engagement on its boards! In brief, the offer made the fair enslaver is said to be 50,000f., for ten performances, without reckoning requisites. "Regina di Golconda," written forty years ago expressly for the inauguration of the Carlo Felice Theatre in Genoa, has just been reproduced there to open the autumn season.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT happened on Oct. 31st, at the Exeter Theatre, to Kate Reignolds. In the play of "Stolen; or, The Sweet Ballad Singer" ("Nobody's Daughter"), she sustained the character of Jenny Milsome. In the course of the drama she had to cross a drawbridge, which broke under her, and she fell to the stage, a distance of about eight feet, several pieces of scenery falling upon her. The curtain was instantly lowered and Miss Reignolds, who had sustained severe injury, was removed to her lodgings.

A JEWISH THEATRE has been erected near Warsaw. It is constructed to hold 800 persons. The internal arrangements are excellent, and the decoration tasteful. The pieces to be played will be selected from the principal episodes of the Old Testament. The actors, thirty in number, will be all Jews, and the parts of the females will be impersonated by young boys. The dialogue will be in German.

"LA SERVA PADRONA" is now in rehearsal at the Theatre Ventadour, and it is to be followed by "Piccolino," libretto by M. Sardou, music by la Comtesse de Grandval. "Otello," "Mose," and "Polinto" are to be brought out as soon as Sig. Tamberlik arrives. M. Plose's "Corricolo" is to be considerably altered in the third act before it comes out at the Opera Comique.

BARRY SULLIVAN had sufficiently recovered from his late accident to open in Bristol on the 9th inst.

E. D. DAVIES, ventriloquist, was very severely injured on Oct. 31st, by the collision on the Midland railway when returning from Leeds, where he had been to pay a brotherly compliment by assisting at the benefit of Mr. George Leybourne. He is still confined to his bed, and it will probably be some time before he is able to resume his professional duties.

THE AMERICAN OPERA TROUPE is drawing crowded houses at Niblo's Garden, this city. Their performance of "Il Trovatore" was unusually fine, and the principal singers were in excellent voice. Miss Hauck's conception of the character of Leonora is admirable, and she sang the music with much expression and power. Her rendition of the "Miserere" scene was a most artistic piece of vocalization, and was loudly applauded. Her singing of the "Tacea la notte" was also very fine, and she was encored in the "Di quella pira." Miss Hauck is a most valuable addition to the troupe, and will undoubtedly become a favorite. Mme. Rosetta Vercheval sang the music of Azucena in a very artistic manner, and was encored in the "Stride la vampa." Her acting was also very good. Signor Brignoli sang the music of Manrico in his usual finished style, and was encored in the "Ah che la morte." Signor Amodio sang the music of Count di Luna in a very satisfactory manner. Signor Ferri conducted the performance in a very able manner.

AMUSEMENTS.

WORRELL SISTERS'
NEW YORK THEATRE.
Debut on the New York Stage
of the distinguished English Tragic Actress,
MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS,
whose representations of the heroines of Shakespeare and Sheridan, at the Boston Theatre, have given rise to an excitement which has had no parallel in theatrical circles since the days of Fanny Kemble, or the recent furore attending the Dickens Readings last winter.
FOR SIX NIGHTS
AND
ONE MATINEE,
commencing on November 30.
MRS. SIDDONS
will have the pleasure of inaugurating a Shakespearean revival, to be properly aided by some new and beautiful scenic pictures and a perfect star cast, including
MR. CHARLES KEMBLE MASON,
MR. J. K. MORTIMER, MR. W. DAVIDGE.
Mr. D. H. Harkins, Miss Blanche Grey, T. Hind, Mr. T

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In our LEADED or NONPARIEL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character will appear, as we reserve this space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.
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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper, No. 72 Spruce street, New York.

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CARD.
WILL J. WIGGINS,
The YOUNG Comedian, is no longer with J. C. Myers. He has returned to his home, St. Louis, Mo.
Cause of the separation—Myers refusing to pay salaries regularly.
WILL J. WIGGINS, Comedian, 23-2t* St. Louis, Mo.

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